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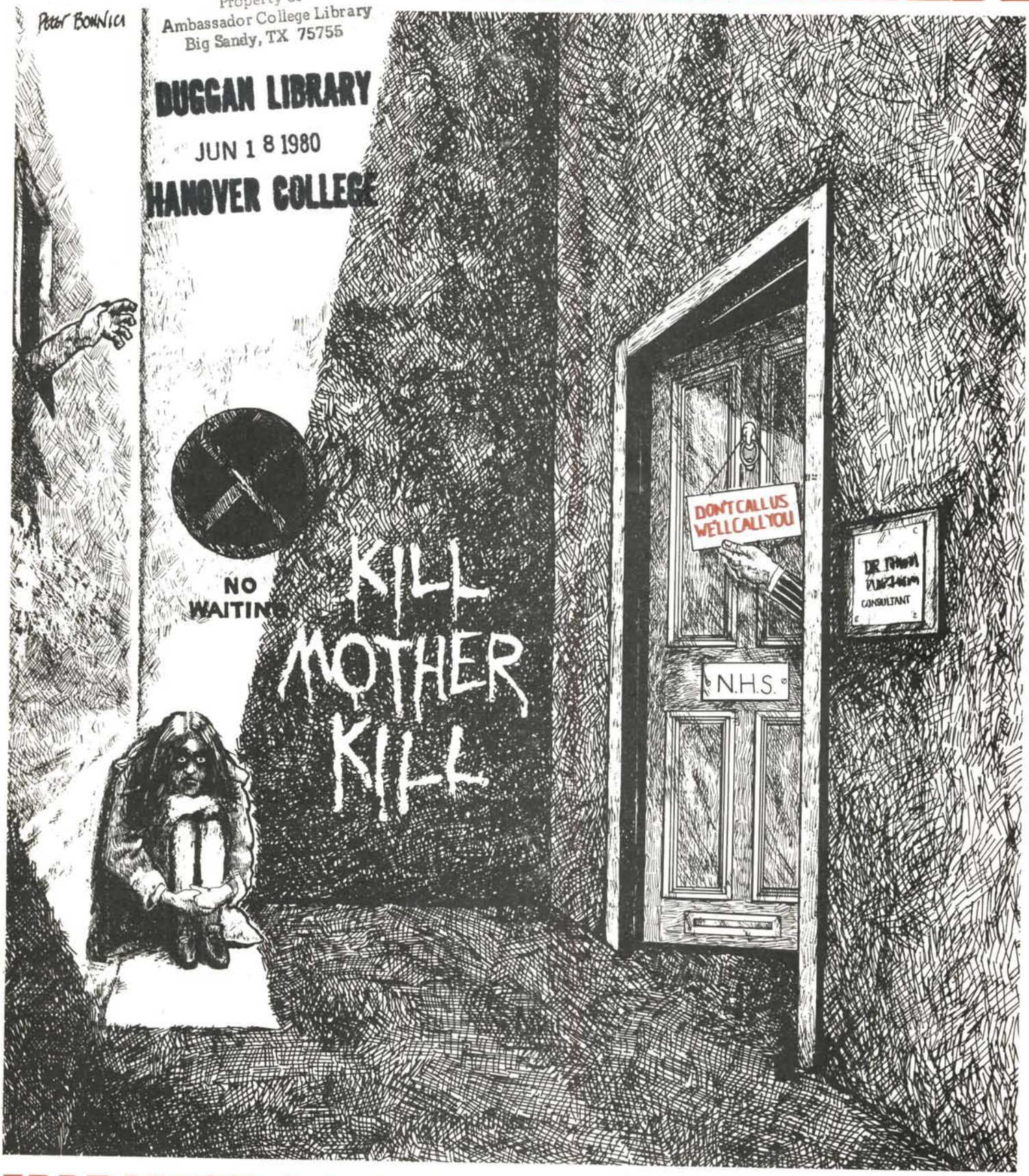

MADNESS & THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:
A story of life and death

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Egypt, the new American colony

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol 99 9 May 1980 No 2564

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NOTES

Natsopa conference to debate its finances

Patrick Wintour writes: A major attempt will be made next month to increase financial control over Natsopa, the print union. A series of motions has been passed at January branch meetings for discussion at the union's June biennial conference, the Governing Council, which are highly critical of the union leadership's past handling of the union's financial affairs. The union has been the subject of two independent accountants' reports and the former general secretary of Natsopa, Lord Briginshaw, is now facing legal proceedings by the union as a result of a variety of financial transactions during his general secretaryship. Recently the pension fund for union officers and employees had a substantial deficit and, as a result, undermined the finances of the whole union. (See NS 30 March 1979).

Perhaps the most powerful branch in the union, the London Machine branch, asks in its motions that the society's accountants be present at Governing Council meetings and that 'mindful of past experience' the executive should 'in future no longer set up or use companies, businesses or shadow unions without the prior consent of the Governing Council or membership'. The branch also asks that the executive 'should take steps to eliminate the index-linking aspect of the staff and officers' superannuation fund and also to ensure that further steps are taken to provide any necessary alterations to rules or trust deeds of the fund to prevent it being an open ended drain upon the society's finances'. The fund should be 'professionally managed to ensure its future viability within its own funding'.

The union's largest branch, London clerical, have also submitted a motion asking for the publication of tables showing the individual salaries and details of all expenses of all full time officers of the society for the period under review. In the past the union leadership has not been keen to do this. The clerical branch's motion has been ruled out of order on grounds of lateness but there are procedural devices whereby the motion could appear in the form of an amendment.

A number of other motions seek to extend democracy in the union: most of these involve rule changes and therefore a ballot of the membership. London clerical wants the biennial Governing Council to become an annual affair. Machine branch wish that a verbatim report of the GC should be distributed to one in ten of the membership. In the past there have been disputes about what actually has been said at Governing Council.

There is also much unhappiness in the London machine branch about the union's appeals procedure. The branch recommend that no expulsions by the executive should take effect until the Governing Council have heard an appeal; no national officers, except the President, should be present during the Governing Council's hearing of an appeal and that reasons should always be given for the rejection of an appeal. Bill Hand, FoC of the *Observer* night machine chapel, which has been especially diligent in its inquiries into the union's financial affairs, was banned two months ago by the executive from holding any office in the union.

Nine motions favour some form of merger with other print unions; most mention Sogat. The London clerical branch insist that any such merger must provide for the election and the re-election of officers in the merged union and for an exclusively lay executive.

Fines for Scottish children?

Eveline Hunter writes from Glasgow: Scotland's unique system of dealing with children in trouble, without involving courts or punishment, is threatened by new proposals in a government consultative document. Published last week, the document purports ot strengthen the children's panels who conduct children's hearings (lay tribunals to whom juvenile offenders are referred). It also proposes that parents should be made to promise money payments as security for their children's future good behaviour; and that children themselves should be fined in some circumstances — an idea firmly rejected by the last Labour government.

These proposals have been made in spite of evidence that the system is working satisfactorily. A team of researchers at Glasgow University, funded by the Boston Law School, has studied 700 juvenile case papers and sat in on 300 hearings: it found that parents and children took away favourable impressions of the hearings and were generally co-operative and honest. The main drawback to the informality of the system was the extent to which procedural rules were not always faithfully followed, so that parents were sometimes not told their full legal rights. This could be resolved, believes the man in charge of the project, Professor Fred Martin, if the Scottish Office provided more central guidance and tightened up certain procedures.

The Government's proposals may have more to do with their well-publicised drive against crime than because there is any evidence that changes are required. Referrals from the police to children's hearings have steadily decreased in recent years, from 26,495 in 1975 to 23,340 in 1977 and 21,533 in 1978. Cynics have attributed this to a growing reluctance on the part of police to bother referring offenders to what they see as an ineffective system. But this is not borne out by the published figures which show that actual reports made on children to the police have also been decreasing, a trend not paralleled in England and Wales, which still use juvenile courts. The panels already have power to refer children to 'List D' (corrective) schools and serious offences are heard in the sheriff courts.

The introduction of fines for children and money pledges for parents has been criticised by many organisations, including the Scottish Association of Children's Panels and Lord Kilbrandon, whose committee's report in 1964 laid the basis for the present system.

The consultative document does, however, make a number of proposals that are worth considering, including an extension of the grounds for referral so that children's hearings could consider cases of self-inflicted damage such as glue sniffing — without in any way making these into criminal offences.

Israel's boost for PLO

Ian Black writes from Jerusalem: Last Friday's PLO attack on Jewish settlers in the heart of the West Bank Town of Hebron has led predictably to a good deal of I-told-you-so-ing on both extremes of the Israeli political spectrum. The five corpses left behind after the ambush have provided strong and emotive arguments for the Settlement lobby in its campaign for the application of Israeli sovereignty to the occupied territories and for a tougher military government policy to maintain order. On the left, in contrast, the attack has served as excellent proof that allowing ultra-nationalist Jews to live in the heart of Arab cities — as the vacillating Likud government has done in the case of fiercly moslem Hebron — is a sure recipe for disaster.

Whichever of these two conclusions is drawn from the incident — unprecedented in thirteen years of occupation — it is now clear to all — even to those who refused to see it before — that the battle for the future of the West Bank will have to be waged against a population that sees the Palestine Liberation Organization and no-one else as its only legitimate representative. West Bank loyalty to the PLO has been given a mighty boost by the Israeli decision, the morning after the killing, to banish the mayors of Hebron and nearby Halhoul, and the moslem Kadi of Hebron. Dumped in the enclaves of Major Sa'ad Haddad in South Lebanon, the three were given a hero's welcome in Beirut and will

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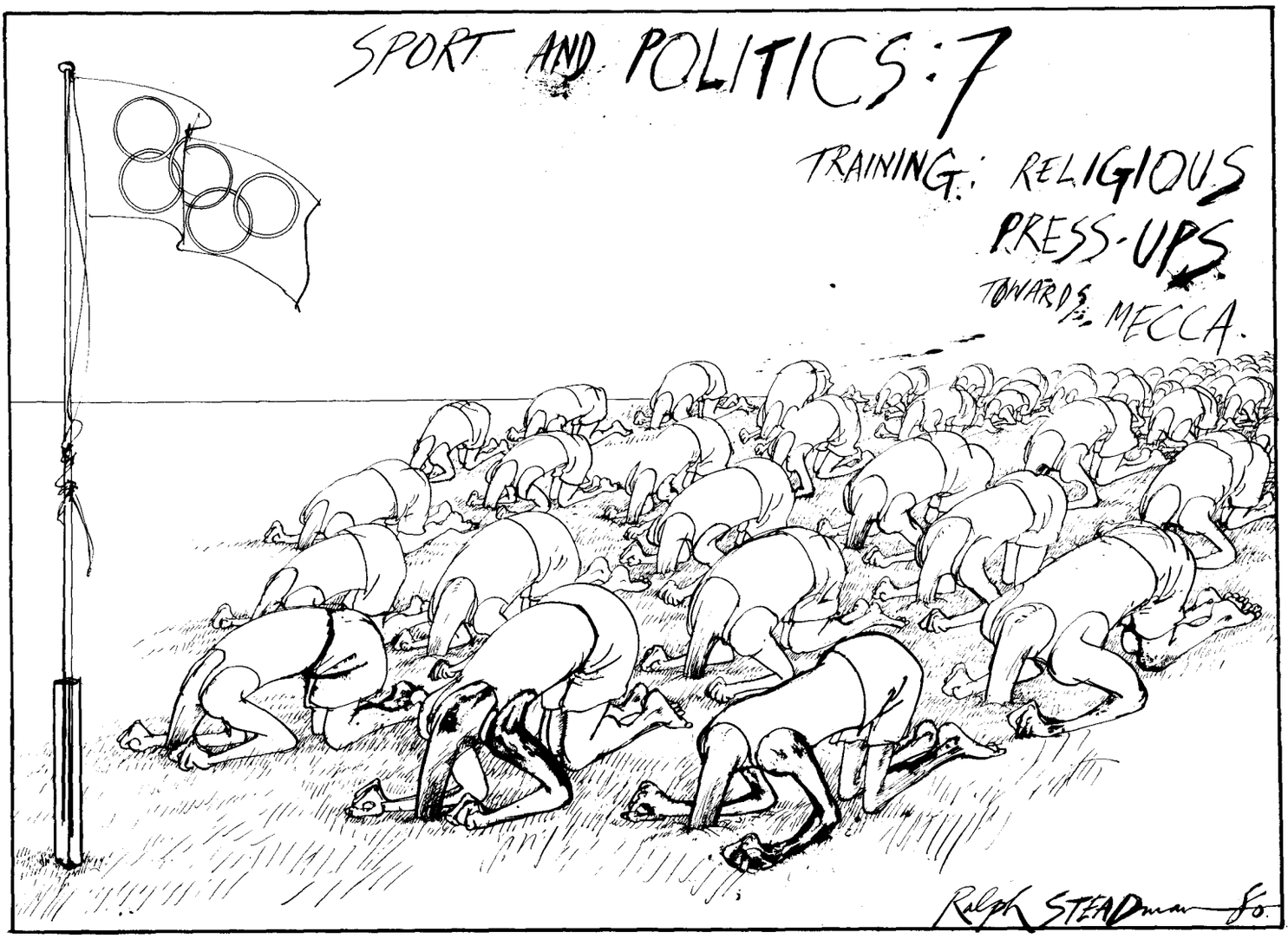

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doubtless, like other leaders expelled in the past, soon attain high positions in the ruling councils of the PLO.

The drama of the banishment may obscure something of the short sightedness of the reasoning behind it. Sheikh Tamimi, the Hebron Kadi, was not a political figure, but he was an excellent choice because a few weeks ago Israeli television viewers were outraged to hear him declare (following the decision to allow Jewish settlers to live in Hebron) that Palestine was an "Islamic" country.

The two mayors were both leading figures of the National Guidance Committee, a forum of PLO supporters set up after Camp David to coordinate opposition to the autonomy plan. Halhoul Mayor Mohammad Milhem, a good-looking man (dubbed the Kennedy of the West Bank), who was always ready to say a bad word about Israel in his excellent English to itinerant journalists, had long annoyed the military government. Politically he leaned towards the Popular Front of George Habash.

Until a few months ago Hebron mayor Fahd Kawasma was considered a moderate by the Israeli authorities, even to the extent of receiving what they called "moral support" against "extremists." A mild, intellectually lightweight figure who maintained excellent ties both with Jordan and the PLO, he worked as an agronomist for the military government until being elected mayor on a wave of nationalist feeling in 1976. But since the settlers from Kiryat Arba sepped up their demands to be allowed to "return" to Hebron — the city of the Patriarchs — Kawasma was forced to adopt increasingly radical positions, although he was careful enough to ensure that they fell short of advocating armed resistance to the Israelis.

Kawasma's expulsion, a hasty and ill-considered move on the part of a military government that feels that it is losing its grip has not been — and is not likely to be — accompanied by an Israeli response to the challenge he presented when the Hebron settlement issue blew up earlier this year: no, the mayor argued, he would have no objections to Jews living in his city, on the condition that Palestinians could return to homes abandoned in Israel in 1948.

How Britain helps to create broken homes

Jane Leighton writes: For five years Anwar Ditta, a British-born woman, has fought a Home Office decision which prevents three of her children joining her from Pakistan. Immigration officials deny she is the children's natural mother and a long-delayed appeal in Manchester next week will hear the home office's bizarre and contradictory speculation about who is the real mother. Civil servants suggest that the children's father has married twice, each time to a woman called Anwar Sultana Ditta, or alternatively that the children are the incestuous offspring of their father's sister.

Anwar Ditta was nine and living in Rochdale in 1962 when her parents divorced. She was sent to live with her grandfather in Pakistan. There she married Shuja ud Din and bore three children — Kamran, now 10, Imran, 8, and Saima, 7. In 1975 she brought her husband to Rochdale, her home town, and for a few months, while they searched for work and a home, the children stayed behind with Shuja's mother in Pakistan. Shuja soon found work as a welder and they began buying a house (the mortgage application records the three children as dependants).

When the parents sent for the children they faced a Home Office refusal to allow them into the contry. The Home Office case, resisting the appeal, now contends that "No evidence of Anwar Sultana Ditta ever having been in Pakistan had been produced," and speculates that "there might be two Anwar Sultana Dittas i.e. one who married Shuja ud Din in Pakistan and the other whom Shuja ud Din married in the United Kingdom in 1975." However far-fetched the Home Office case the onus of proof rests with Anwar Ditta — she has to disprove the allegations and prove she is the children's mother. The evidence against the Home Office arguments is overwhelming. Anwar Ditta's Pakistani identity card carried her thumbprint. A string of witnesses testify to her living in Pakistan. She can produce Islamic and British marriage certificates and a collection of family photographs showing her with the children in Pakistan. Birth certificates are not directly helpful becuase of the Pakistani practice of recording on them only the father's name (all show Shuja ud Din as father). The UK Inland Revenue, however, after its own searching inquiries recognised the couple as the children's parents.

Anwar Ditta's Rochdale gynaecologist who delivered her last child Samera, in 1976, is of the opinion it was her fourth child. In answer to the Home Office's allegation that the children could belong to her sister-in-law, Anwar Ditta obtained from Pakistan birth certificates and photographs for all six of her sister-in-law's children. Her offer to undergo any medical and blood tests has been ignored by the Home Office. Part of the Home Office case rests on a report by an immigration official in Pakistan, which has since been mislaid. Immigration officers have also introduced the quite irrelevant fact that Shuja ud Din was offered (and refused) the chance of illegal entry into Britain.

Confrontation in Brazil

Dennis MacShane writes: The most prolonged confrontation between the Brazilian state and its workers since the military took power in 1964 has now entered its second month. The five week old metal workers' strike — which has shut down many

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of Brazil's key multinationals, especially in Sao Bernardo where the car factories are situated — is also turning into a major confrontation with the Brazilian church.

Union offices have been occupied, leaders arrested, meetings banned and the strike declared illegal (NS 25 April). After the initial wave of arrests the DOPS (political police) have continued to hunt down union leaders. One of them, Enilson Simoes da Moura, was dragged out of the office of the mayor of Sao Bernardo by plain clothes policemen carrying sub machine guns, while two other union leaders were hauled out of a car driven by a Brazilian MP.

At the end of April President Joao Figueiredo refused to meet a delegation of metalworkers who flew to Brazil and one of his aides said the outcome of the strike was now in the hands of the army in Sao Paulo region. The industry minister, Camilo Penna, added that as from the beginning of May, "there are no longer strikers involved, merely dismissed workers."

Despite the repression and intimidation the strikers have kept going. The arrests were expected and parallel leaderships set up. On 1 May, 200,000 strikers and members of the public demonstrated in Sao Bernardo, ignoring the presence of shock troops patrolling the streets. The church has thrown itself fully on the strikers' side, organising food supplies and allowing church premises to be used for meetings. This has annoyed Figueiredo who accused the Cardinal Archibishop of Sao Paulo, Dom Evaristo Arns, of "inciting" the strike. Arns replied coldly: "The church offers material and spiritual support so that workers may make decisions as free men, free of fear, coercion and the pressure of hunger on their families."

When the DOPS said they wanted to see the Bishop of Santo Andre charged with inciting the strike, the Brazilian Council of Bishops said they would ask the pope to cancel his visit to Brazil scheduled for June if any action was taken against the Bishop.

Some of the car multinationals, notably Volkswagen, have tried to hire replacement workers but finding those with sufficient skills to restart production has, so far, proved extremely difficult. The government has told the multinationals not to negotiate with the unions. Earlier this week, the police began attacking small groups of workers gathered in the streets of Sao Bernardo. Given continuing government repression and employers' obduracy it is hard to see where the strikers can go. With three million unemployed in the Sao Paulo region companies can eventually recruit and train replacement workers. In Santo André strikers employed by small firms have decided to go back to work. The strikers in San Bernardo, however, appear determined to stay out. As one of them said at a meeting which decided to continue the strike: "To go back to work would be to betray our leaders in prison, to betray our children who depend on the outcome of the strike and to betray all of Brazil's workers whose eyes are focussed on Sao Bernardo."

Clamour for controls

Patrick Wintour writes: The demand for import controls is hardening in the Labour movement and is now at the centre of the TUC's day of action next week and the Labour Party special conference/rally on 31 May. Last week Moss Evans, leader of the Transport Union and original advocate of the Labour Party conference, held his own union rally demanding import controls. This week Tass, the white collar section of the engineers, produce a lengthy pamphlet justifying import controls. Already over 13 per cent of Britain's manufactured trade is 'managed', i.e. subject to some form of restriction, where none of it was in 1974. Both Tass and the T&G are arguing for more, pointing out that despite this managed trade, imports of manufactures in 1979 rose by 17 per cent in volume compared with no rise at all in exports. Exports of manufactures are now only 3.4 per cent more than imports.

Both unions specify particular crippled sectors. The T&G point to electrical engineering, with import penetration increasing from 17 to 38 per cent between 1970 and 1979, with 76,000 jobs lost. (Apart from the success of the Italian company Indesit in domestic electrical appliances, the sector's difficulty is more one of controlling the investment and sourcing decisions of multinationals such as GEC or STC). Textiles has seen an increase in import penetration from 15 to 33 per cent with 235,000 jobs lost. Import penetration has increased from 20 to 32 per cent in mechanical engineering with a loss of 319,000 jobs.

As yet there is still some uncertainty over the form of import controls which trades unions want. The two main arguments are either for selective protection for individual industries and sectors — such as those listed above — or, alternatively, for general controls (as advocated by the Cambridge Economic Policy Group) to reflate the economy, involving no net reduction in imports, but an expansion of exports.

Both Tass and the T&G make favourable references to the Cambridge thesis but much of the impetus and thrust of their papers is directed at the crisis in individual industries. Tass admit that, in their view, in some sectors 'the volume of total imports might have to be reduced.' Evans tries to deal with the objection that import controls only export unemployment by saying that 'British manufacturing industry is now a world economic special case.' Although it is true that manufacturing employment has fallen more sharply in Britain than in Germany, France and Italy, it is also true that unemployment in the last of these countries was worse in 1979 than in Britain and both Germany and Japan are expected to have substantial balance of payments deficits this year. Not surprisingly Italian and French socialists are calling for import controls in their own countries.

Criminal Justice Bill

The Criminal Justice (Scotland) Bill gives new, sweeping general powers to Scotland's police force, unknown in Britain before and, in some cases, opposed by senior policemen themselves. If passed, the Bill could become a blueprint for changes in English and Welsh law. It is currently being debated in Committee in the House of Commons. In the first of a series of regular reports NORMAN BUCHAN, a Labour member of the committee, reviews progress so far.

THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE (Scotland) Bill is attracting a bit more attention than Scottish bills normally do for three good reasons. First, at a time when the general problems of the democratic control of police procedure and the particular problems of 'Sus' laws are being increasingly discussed, the Bill merrily runs off in the opposite direction. Second, with a Royal Commission on criminal procedure in England and Wales due to report shortly, there is a fear that the Scottish Bill will be a pace-setter for an increase in police powers. Thirdly, for once, the academics have done their duty. They have stood up and declared that this is a bad bill. Legal departments of our universities have weighed in with mass signatories to letters to the press. Legal institutions like the Faculty of Advocates, the Law Society, the Bar Associations have criticised parts of the bill in terms no less fierce because measured, but have also ensured that the media and the MPs were properly briefed on their case.

The Labour Opposition in Committee is being led by Harry Ewing who was the junior minister in charge of the first (Labour) version of the bill, lost because of the general election. To be fair to him, the bill is now much worse and, especially, includes the whole new section on increased powers of search. Any problems Harry Ewing might have are more than balanced by the bizarre spectacle of the same Nicholas Fairbarn who had inveighed so strongly against the (milder) Labour bill now translated into full fig as the Solicitor General and leading the government front bench.

FOUR THEMES were being fought over when the Committee got under way last week. First, the extraordinary concept that has run like a blue serge thread through all the discussions since the first publication of the Thomson Report on Criminal Procedure: that since the police were often breaking the law in their procedures the solution was not to implement the law, but to legalise their procedures. Second, as there is a moral duty on witnesses to come forward to assist police in their enquiries, then the Bill should make this into a legal obligation. Third, at what point should suspects be questioned before volunteering statements to the police? And, finally, there has been the principle of the accused's right to silence.

All these massive points of principle were involved in the deceptively simple first clause of the bill:

> Suspect or potential witness may be required by constable to identify himself.

The Clause got through unchanged. Arguments that the compelling of witnesses was hardly likely to be conducive to the production of good evidence, or good justice, got short shrift. Arguments that this bill — along with the present Employment Bill — made a recipe for trouble on the picket line were ignored. Yet it is easy to imagine a situation in which every member of a picket line could be compelled to give his or her name to the police as being a 'potential witness'. Or be fined £50 if they didn't quite see that it was their 'moral' duty to come forward in defence of an anti-picketing act which they regarded as being immoral anyway.

Equally astonishing was the Tories' complete failure to begin to understand why we should express anxiety on the compiling of lists of names in this way. They inhabit a different and securer world. The Solicitor General also 'failed to understand' our anxieties over Clause 6 of the bill, which includes the new process of Judicial Examination. No caution needs to be given at this stage of interrogation though a constable may 'Note any explanations preferred by the person' suspected. To simple souls such as myself this seemed to smash the accused's right to silence.

Mr Fairbairn's failure to understand our anxieties was curious as it was he who made the best case against the Labour version of the bill, saying he would be 'tabling amendments to provide for a formal hearing before a magistrate. . . ' (House of Commons 23/1/79). Well, we tabled the amendments and he rejected them. The nine Tory members — who include no less than six advocates — voted against them.

Clause 1 is over; there are 80 clauses and 3 schedules to go, starting off this week on the new power of detention.

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EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

Court case spells trouble for comprehensives

Battling for the right to learn

LAST WEEK an Essex parent took a comprehensive school to the High Court because his two sons were not allowed to study the subjects they wanted to. He lost the case. The outcome has disturbing implications for the future of comprehensive schools.

William Winter's sons attend Ongar comprehensive. Their teachers believed they were capable of completing 3 sciences and 3 humanities at GCE O-level and that is what they both wanted to do in the fourth and fifth form. But like most secondary schools, Ongar had devised a subject options list for its 14 to 16 year olds. This meant that all pupils had to pick one subject from each of six columns — with obligatory English, maths and general studies, nine subjects in all. The first four columns related to subjects on design, environmental/social studies, science and recreational studies. The last two columns were a hotch-potch of different subjects. No juggling of the options list could accommodate the Winters' wishes.

Mr Winter, backed by other local parents, considered the list as unduly 'inhibitory and restrictive'. His demands were, in fact, modest. He wanted parents to be consulted when the options list was being drawn up. Other neighbouring comprehensives did this and managed to offer the combination of subjects which the Winters wanted.

Ongar head, John Swallow, maintained that to allow the Winters their choice would 'betray the interests of the other children'. Timetabling and resources did not allow a free choice — nor did school policy. Mr Swallow is trying to follow 'national Department of Education policy over the curriculum' — citing the recent HM Inspectors' survey of secondary schools in England and various Government statements on the need for a balanced 'core' curriculum.

Swallow said that his curriculum was not forced upon him by Essex's staffing policy, which he admitted was 'not over-generous'. Essex has just made a 10 per cent real-terms cut in school capitation allowances for 1980/1.

After lengthy and unsuccessful discussions with the school, Winter decided to apply for an injunction to stop the school operating its options list. He argued that school and local authority were contravening sections 76 and 8 of the 1944 Education Act. Section 76 states that LEAs must have regard to the general principle that pupils should be educated in accordance with parents' wishes — so long as that was compatible with efficient schooling and avoided 'unreasonable' public spending. Previous court cases had laid down that section 76 could not be used on its own. So Winter combined it with section 8. That puts a duty on LEAs to provide every pupil with an education suitable to his or her specific requirements in relation to age, ability and aptitude. Winter — who is pro-comprehensive and regards the 11-plus as a social evil — was thus simply saying that Essex was not performing that duty on behalf of his children — and presumably others too.

The LEA claimed that Ongar — and 80 per cent of Essex's other schools — aimed to do this via the Ongar-style options list. To breach it would, apparently, create chaos. They claimed that it was what Government was after — a basic core curriculum that provided a 'balanced' diet of subjects. They also claimed the HMIs' survey backed them up. The Inspectors had stated that 'some limitations to pupils' choices are inescapable'. But they also listed four different approaches to arranging options lists. They included the Ongar approach, but also some more liberal arrangements too.

Winter argued that his sons' choice was not only balanced but, more crucially, actually suited their specific needs rather than the ambiguous, politicised definition of what the curriculum should be that appeared in numerous Government statements. It was the difference between scaling down and expanding opportunity. Winter maintained that while he accepted schools should devise the curriculum, Ongar had devised it so his sons were not getting a true comprehensive schooling. (Essex is selective, and Winter had not entered his sons for the 11-plus because of his support for comprehensives.)

The High Court judge (a patents judge) ruled that no parent has a right to be consulted over the curriculum, that neither school nor LEA was being unreasonable in denying such consultation, that the curriculum arrangements were adequate. The LEA did not press for costs on condition that Winter did not appeal against the ruling — and they offered his sons places at another school with a more liberal options policy, provided he paid the transport costs.

THIS RULING has some disturbing implications. It gives legal backing to the concept of a restrictive curriculum. It diminishes the right of children to a full comprehensive education. It will help official moves to lay down a nationally directed core curriculum — potentially rudimentary and devoid of the 'frills' which were previously referred to as a 'good education' — with no comeback by parents, or anyone else. Not least, it reveals that education legislation (via the 1944 Act and the new 1980 Act) is, at a time of cutbacks, virtually useless to ensure that local authorities continue to provide schooling that is suitable to children's requirements and needs.

Comprehensives face two dangers — the explicit one of a growth in the number of selective schools, and the internal one of being unable or unwilling to provide a proper comprehensive-style curriculum because of the cuts and declining rolls. Last week's local election results have brought some check to the selective urge. Labour won back Bolton (where the Tories had brought back the 11-plus), Kirklees and Birmingham.

A Labour Birmingham should mean an end to the plan, agreed to by Education Secretary Carlisle eight days before the elections, to switch Sutton Coldfield's girls' comprehensive back to selection. In addition the Government has decided not to allow Erith comprehensive in Kent to go back to grammar school status and this week agreed that Tameside's schools should go comprehensive, so the overt moves back to selection have not been as bad as was feared.

Yet some 59 LEAs retain some selection in their schools and even Tories admit that allowing more than 5 per cent of pupils to be creamed off to other schools harms comprehensives. This often happens quietly through the selective policies of religious voluntary schools, the misnomer of grammar schools operating side-by-side with comprehensives, and the pull of local private schools.

Official figures put the proportion of pupils in comprehensives at 85.9 per cent. But that relates only to pupils in the state sector and includes comprehensives whose best pupils have been creamed off and comprehensives in name only (that don't operate fully as comprehensives should). Excluding such comprehensives, the Campaign for Comprehensive Education says a truer proportion is 67 per cent — and it could be as low as 50 per cent.

LOSING GOOD PUPILS is only part of a comprehensive's difficulties. Cuts apart, falling school rolls have already had a significant effect on the opportunities schools can offer. The Briault survey of 20 secondary schools undergoing contraction, published last month, revealed that half had to restrict GCE and CSE options and a quarter experienced larger classes for key subjects like English and maths. Loss of specialist teachers, who could not be replaced, meant not just fewer minority subjects (music, drama, Latin, needlework) but English and maths being taught by non-specialist teachers. Modern language and science opportunities also declined. A key problem is a viable sixth form — for many an essential indicator of a 'good' school. The study concluded that 'the smaller sixth forms associated with falling rolls offer limited opportunities to students at an increasing cost to the schools'. In other words, LEAs need to plan for contraction rather than just letting things drift.

Spending cuts are compounding contraction problems. For example, some LEAs (Bedfordshire, Hampshire, Northants, Bucks) are cutting the teaching force once for falling rolls, and again because of cuts policy. Other LEAs are cutting options. No GCE O-level courses will be offered to children in Trafford's secondary modern schools. (Nevertheless, Trafford is still going to spend £½ million on private school places.)

An additional hazard for comprehensives is the inroads being made on the free education service. Many parents are now expected to pay for essential items of school equipment — Hertfordshire parents have been asked to make up for a 10 per cent cut in schools' general allowance. A Tory private member's bill is now in the Commons to give legal backing to a partial 'fee-paying' state sector.

The potential effect of all these moves is twofold: greater inequality of opportunity between comprehensives, and a deliberate overall downgrading by Government of the state sector. A leaked, but still unpublished, study by the National Children's Bureau reveals that comprehensives have maintained, and in many cases, improved standards in state schools. The combination of cuts, contraction, and the Tory plan for privilege now threatens those improvements.

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THE LAW
Francis Wheen

Ceylon's MPs continue to behave like oafs

Privilege and pomposity

ALL NEWSPAPERS have their gremlins; the results of their work are normally laughed off, sent to *Private Eye* or corrected unobtrusively the following day. But the sprite that entered the office of the Ceylon *Observer* on the night of 29 January 1978 has turned out to be a tenacious little blighter: the latest consequence of his (or her) mischief is that one of Ceylon's most distinguished lawyers will appear before the island's supreme court next Monday charged with breach of privilege and facing up to two years' imprisonment if convicted.

The origins of the affair were related in an NS piece two years ago (14 April 1978). The Ceylon *Observer* published a photograph of Peter Fonda and Susan St James with a misplaced caption (see reproduction, right). Philip Cooray, the paper's assistant editor, had spotted the error in proof and corrected it, but later discovered that his correction had not been implemented. He stopped the press and had the correction made after only a few hundred copies had gone out. The paper also published an apology for the mix-up.

A.C.S. Hameed MP, Ceylon's foreign minister, who was mentioned in the early version of the caption, was not satisfied with the paper's attempts to put matters right. On 2 February he complained to Parliament that people who did not know him might assume from the caption that he was 'a playboy'. Fortunately for him, there was an obvious remedy, for on the previous day, 1 February, Parliament had decided to give itself the power to fine or imprison people thought to have committed breach of privilege. Thitherto, under Ceylon's twenty-five year-old law on privilege, this power had belonged to the courts alone.

When Mr Hameed made his complaint, the House obediently passed a resolution that 'the said caption describing the said picture is intended and calculated to bring the said A.C.S. Hameed . . . into disrepute; and that it constitutes the publication of a defamatory statement concerning a member of the National State Assembly in respect of his conduct as a member of the National State Assembly'. Parliament formed itself into a committee to investigate this grave matter, and the Clerk of the House was directed to summon the editor and assistant editor of the Ceylon *Observer* to appear before the House at 5 pm the same day — a mere two hours after the summons was issued. The two men duly appeared, expressing their regret for the caption mix-up.

Parliament was not prepared to let the affair rest there. It had, after all, only just voted itself these new judicial powers and it was rather enjoying them. As the leader of the opposition put it during the editors' interrogation: 'We are like children trying on their new clothes. We are carrying this too far. Let us bring this to an end.' J. R. Jayewardene, then Prime Minister (and now president), thought otherwise: 'We are acquitting ourselves very well as a court.' After the end of the questioning, the House decided to fine the editors Rs 1,000 each — to be paid to the Deaf and Blind School. The most remarkable moment of the proceedings came when Mr Jayewardene explained the House's decision:

> The reasons why we have decided to impose a fine are that, firstly, we want to give a donation to the Deaf and Blind School; secondly, we wish to show that this Bill is now law with teeth in it, and in future anyone who comes before this House may not escape with a fine; thirdly, the Associated Newpapers of Ceylon Ltd, of which I am a shareholder, is not an indigent organisation. It has enough money to pay the fines of both these editors.

The President of one of the leading industrial complexes in South Korea showing the Sri Lanka Foreign Minister, Mr. A C. S Hameed around the showrooms of the industrial complex.

At this stage S. Nadesan QC entered the controversy. He is an extremely distinguished lawyer — an Advocate of the Supreme Court of Ceylon since 1931 and a member of the Senate of Ceylon for all but two years of its existence from 1947 to 1971 (when it was abolished). Since 1971 he has been active in the Ceylon Civil Rights Movement. Moreover in 1953 he was on the Select Committee which drafted the Bill covering the privileges, powers and immunities of Parliament and its members.

He was appalled by the House's behaviour towards the editors. He wrote a series of four articles in the Ceylon *Sun* criticising the way the law had been interpreted.

The next Act in the farce opened when Matthew Perera MP, Minister of Parliamentary Affairs and Sports (the two portfolios would seem to be identical), raised Nadesan's articles as a possible breach of privilege: they were 'a studied effort aimed at defaming the House'. The question was referred to the Committee on Privileges; in September last year Parliament finally resolved that the Attorney-General should make an application against Mr Nadesan. Interestingly enough, Parliament decided that this time it would not use its own judicial powers (although it thought that it had acquitted itself so well in the *Observer* case) but would make the application through the Supreme Court. The case opens on Monday, and the pompous asses of the National Assembly will doubtless be watching for breaches of privilege in public comments on the case, so that when they have finished harrying Nadesan they can bully someone else.

Workers of the World

Patrick Wintour writes: The first official trade union move to call the TUC International Department to account was made last week. The executive of the Civil and Public Service Association decided to support a motion at the union's annual conference next week which commits the union — with 225,000 members — to campaigning at the 1980 TUC for the disclosure of details about the recipients of cash and assistance from the TUC's overseas and labour programme and the overseas programme of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, to which the TUC is affiliated. The International Department accounts for a third of the TUC's anual spending but at last year's TUC conference Len Murray refused to give a full financial account of the department's work — a failure regretted in the motion, which has been sent in by the Glasgow DHSS branch of the CPSA. The motion also demands an end to the arrangement whereby TUC international staff are seconded to the Foreign Office and an end to the collaboration with the CBI in overseas aid programmes.

The motion may never be discussed; despite its left personnel the four man standing orders committee has allocated only 20 minutes to international issues, putting a militant-style motion on Ireland first. Nevertheless, the public support already given by the CPSA executive is of new significance. This is the first union to respond to the argument — advanced last year in a War on Want publication* — that the overseas work of western trades unions has, since the war, been geared to meeting the demands of American foreign policy. Aid programmes have consistently been funded and even directed by the CIA, who have deliberately throttled the development of free and independent trade unions in the third world.

Only this month the journal of the Post Office Engineering Union published an (unsigned) eulogy to the late Joe Beirne, leader of the Communication Workers of America, applauding his founding of the American Institute for Free Labour Development 'to act as a mechanism for bolstering free trade unions in Latin America.' As the WOW book demonstrated, AIFLD was little more than an arm of the CIA's third world labour programme.

**Where were you Brother?*

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Prudential profile No. 2: Kenneth Fleet reporting

Allen Sey (left) a Prudential Agent, talks insurance with policyholder Robert Barclay, on his farm in Ayrshire, with Kenneth Fleet (right), leading financial journalist and City Editor of the Sunday Express.

"The Prudential has strong support at the grass roots. I find out why."

The Prudential has 460 District Managers, with over 11,000 staff, to keep in daily contact with the people in their district. Kenneth Fleet visited a typical Prudential country 'parish' in Scotland to join a Prudential agent on his rounds.

Fleet: I imagine there are several types of insurance which a farmer finds necessary.

Robert Barclay: *(Farmer)* The main one is fire and storm damage cover. With farming nowadays mechanical accident risks have increased. Also accidents to visitors – like yourself.

Fleet: Although you're still a young man do you think about a pension?

Barclay: The earlier you get started the better as far as these things go. My father was a bit older before he took out a pension policy and he's paying a far bigger premium than if you start young.

Fleet: Tell me, Allen, how your connection with Mr. Barclay has developed.

Allen Sey: *(Prudential Agent)* It's developed greatly since I took over nine years ago, in part due to inflation. The Barclays felt that if the farm was to keep in step with inflation they would have to increase their policies accordingly.

Fleet: Do you offer the whole range of insurance to a farmer like Mr. Barclay?

Sey: We're geared for all sorts of policies. One policy which is a great attraction to a farmer like Robert, deals with capital transfer tax. A Prudential policy enables proceeds on the death of his father to be paid to Robert free of tax, as a capital sum. Capital transfer tax is one of the farmer's biggest concerns nowadays.

Fleet: Do you call regularly?

Sey: I come out once a quarter to collect life insurance premiums and of course I also call yearly to review the house and farm insurance.

Fleet: Robert, do you see Allen as somebody trying always to sell you an insurance policy, or do you see him more as a friend and adviser?

Barclay: Oh more as a friend. He's not ramming it down your throat all the time.

Fleet: Allen, what is the most important thing that makes you so successful in your job?

Sey: The service the Prudential gives to its client. If there's a claim, Mr. Barclay picks up the phone and I'm up there probably the same day. I assist him generally in filling in the claim forms whereas many insurance offices leave the policyholder to fill it in himself. With us you're not just a number.

The Prudential's annual report is now available from the Publicity Department, Prudential Assurance Company Limited, 142 Holborn Bars, London EC1N 2NH.

Prudential
You don't know the half of it.

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Trying to 'bounce' the minister

ONE MAY AFTERNOON three years ago, a remarkable meeting took place in Whitehall: four senior civil servants, under a Labour government, discussed the possibility of selling Rolls Royce — a state owned concern — to the private sector. Also present at the meeting were the chairman of Rolls Royce, the managing director and his deputy of the chosen private sector company — GEC — and the chairman and deputy chairman of the state holding company, the NEB, who were the owners of Rolls Royce. The meeting was remarkable for two reasons — the proposal was conspicuously short of industrial logic and it was discussed without any authorisation at all from the industry minister, Eric Varley. Furthermore, it was decided to pursue the idea without telling the minister; the civil servants' decision to give the record of the meeting one of the highest security classifications used in Whitehall meant that the minister would not, at this stage, discover what was going on.

The complete minute of what happened at this meeting is included in a book to be published next week — *The Civil Servants: an inquiry into Britain's ruling class,* by Peter Kellner and Lord Crowther-Hunt;[1] we reproduce it opposite. This is believed to be the first time that the complete text of a document carrying the SECRET security grading has been published in this country. Such a classification is normally reserved for matters which would, if disclosed, 'cause serious injury to the interests of the nation.'

The history and outcome of the GEC/Rolls Royce proposal is, as Peter Kellner argues, a classic example of the way in which permanent secretaries — in this case Sir Peter Carey at the Department of Industry — use the freedom they have as trusted senior government servants to explore new ideas and policy options as means 'of preparing the ground so thoroughly that ministers are "bounced" into accepting ready-made schemes that are then difficult to reject.'

ROLLS-ROYCE, IT WILL be recalled, was taken into public ownership in 1971 when it faced bankruptcy. The major reason for the financial collapse of the company was the high cost of developing and producing the RB211 aero engine and the unwillingness of the private sector to finance this. Other bits of the company were subsequently sold to the private sector and Rolls-Royce shareholders received the proceeds; the government kept the risky and cash hungry aero-engine business. In addition to this Rolls-Royce made — on a very much smaller scale — some industrial engines and in these areas competed with GEC, run by Sir Arnold Weinstock.

At the May 1977 meeting Sir Kenneth Keith, the merchant banker appointed as chairman of Rolls-Royce by the 1970-74 Tory government, explained the background: GEC had often shown an interest in buying bits of Rolls-Royce but had been told that they must buy the whole thing or nothing. Rolls-Royce, he explained, wanted to broaden its industrial base and a merger with GEC could help do this.

The appeal of the merger to GEC was more obvious. GEC found itself in competition with Rolls-Royce in some export markets. Sir Arnold explained:

> it did not make sense for two British companies to undercut each other's prices and to compete in this way.

They competed in the gas turbine market and even though Rolls-Royce lost money, GEC were willing to buy it to get the Rolls-Royce name and

> the removal of the threat that RR would combine with US companies and compete.

Sir Arnold also believed that there was scope for Rolls-Royce and GEC to co-operate in a new venture — the manufacture of a compressor. Sir Arnold had tried unsuccessfully to buy all the five compressor makers in the world and thought the Rolls-Royce name would be an alternative.

There was a problem. The aero-engine business was a 'nightmare' (At the time Rolls was losing money and was short of orders.) Sir Kenneth Keith realised that Rolls-Royce needed financial restructuring and saw a merger with GEC as 'the opportunity' to separate the cost of the RB211 from the rest of the business: at the time the government funded Rolls both directly with launching aid and indirectly through the NEB. For his part Sir Arnold said

> *everything hinged upon the government being* prepared to fund the aero engine side of RR's activities.

These were not the only terms under which Sir Arnold would go ahead with the project. 'Either he ran the new company or it would never be formed', the minute records; he expected the state shareholding in the company to be 'fairly small'. But, he argued, the merger would be to the benefit of the government, saying,

> *anything which redounded to the advantage of* RR and GEC was, speaking in broad terms, of advantage to Government.

IN THE EVENT, of course, nothing came of this plan — for the time being at least. It foundered on two things — the failure of Sir Kenneth Keith to agree terms with Sir Arnold Weinstock and the opposition of the NEB. At the May meeting Lord Ryder, then chairman, made it clear that he could not go along with any merger which did not give the NEB some participation in the new company.

However, it is certainly clear from the minute of the meeting recorded here that Sir Peter Carey was willing to go to considerable lengths to advance the GEC/RR idea. In the conclusion to the minute, Sir Peter is reported as suggesting further work on 'an outline scheme of how the merger would work. This paper should be agreed by all parties'.

> *Thereafter* it would be appropriate to broach the subject with ministers...Sir Arnold stressed the confidentiality of the proposition. He asked that no-one else be consulted *at this stage.* (emphasis added)

When Peter Kellner spoke to Eric Varley about this proposal last year Varley said that he had authorised officials to 'hold talks with companies like GEC to see if some kind of deal on part of Rolls-Royce's operation could be done.' He was emphatic that there was no question of Rolls-Royce passing out of public control. When the NEW STATESMAN spoke to Varley about the matter last November he went slightly further, saying that officials were told that discussions must be on the basis of the company staying in public ownership; they were under 'clear instructions'. He was of the opinion that all discussions were 'pretty tentative' and that no proposal of the sort discussed in this minute ever came before ministers. Nor would it: the security classifications saw to that.

THE GUIDELINES FOR classifying government documents are still those as outlined by the Civil Service Department in their evidence to the Franks Committee. This makes clear that the responsibility for classifying a document lies with the person who originates the document — in this case Sir Peter Carey. There are four security classifications.

The highest is TOP SECRET and covers information 'the unauthorised disclosure of which would cause exceptionally grave damage to the nation.' For example, higher defence policy and strategy, details of major government plans (such as direct rule of Northern Ireland) were put in this category by the CSD.

The next category is SECRET, covering material which would cause 'serious injury to the interest of the nation.' Examples include papers which reveal highly embarrassing disagreements with a friendly government, 'vital military information', reference in one document to all the locations of government in war. The only one example given by the CSD which could remotely apply to the GEC/RR proposal was 'forecast of future economic developments or economic policies which might damage confidence at home or abroad.' But this seems unlikely to apply when one con-

The participants in the secret meeting (from left to right): Sir Peter Carey, Messrs Rawlinson, Lippitt and Dearing of the Department of Industry, Sir Kenneth Keith, Sir Arnold Weinstock, Sir Kenneth Bond, Lord Ryder, Leslie Murphy.

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siders the next category — CONFIDENTIAL — includes examples of 'consideration of future policy on major aspects of the economy, eg fuel, subsidies, long-term investment and balance of payments.'

The Rolls-Royce memo does not remotely fall into the categories given as examples under the SECRET head but the important effect of this categorisation was to restrict the circulation of the memo very tightly within the civil service so that ministers would not hear about it. And in this, it was successful. Only when the Tories came to power, committed to selling off the nationalised industries, was the plan dusted off and offered as one way out of the row between the NEB and Sir Kenneth Keith.

The central outcome of this row was, of course, that both Murphy and Keith left their jobs at the NEB and Rolls-Royce; Ryder had already left the NEB. Sir Peter Carey is still at the DOI; Bond and Weinstock are still at GEC, where they have been joined by Mr John Lippitt — one of the civil servants present at the May meeting.

[1]Macdonald General Books, published 15 May, £9.95

Secret

SECRETARY'S MEETING ON POSSIBLE RR/ GEC MERGER: 3.45PM MONDAY 30 MAY.

Present: Sir Peter Carey
Mr Rawlinson
Mr Lippitt
Mr Dearing

Sir Kenneth Keith — RR
Sir Arnold Weinstock — GEC
Sir Kenneth Bond — GEC
Lord Ryder — NEB
Mr Murphy — NEB

Sir Peter said that he had called the meeting in order to discuss in an exploratory fashion the possibility of an amalgamation between GEC and RR. He invited Sir Kenneth Keith to explain the background. Sir Kenneth said that Sir Arnold Weinstock had from time to time expressed an interest in part of RR's activities: RR had always refused and said that GEC would have to take the whole thing or nothing. Given that RR wanted a broader industrial base, the idea of an amalgamation with GEC had attractions, but both sides needed to know the Government's view of the merger before they proceeded any further. Otherwise they would be wasting their time — hence he had mentioned the idea to Sir Peter and hence the meeting.

Advantage to RR

2. Sir Peter said that he appreciated the merit in the amalgamation in that it would take RR out of the narrow field of aero engines, which was a field where, through a variety of reasons, future market growth was likely to be constrained. He asked what were the other advantages to RR. Sir Kenneth Keith explained that RR stood in need of financial restructuring anyhow. The amalgamation with GEC would provide the opportunity to separate out the work on the RB211 with the Government funding most of it. Sir Arnold said that everything hinged upon the Government being prepared to fund the aero engine side of RR's activities. GEC had looked at the figures and although they knew that the aero engine business was bad, they had not realised it was that bad! However, GEC would be prepared to take on this part of RR's operations also on the basis of no profit/no loss, i.e. with the Government taking out the risk element.

Advantage to GEC

3. Sir Arnold said that there were distinct advantages in the merger for GEC. At the moment RR competed with GEC in export markets and had tie-ups with various US competitors. It did not make sense for two British companies to undercut each other's prices and to compete in this way. He gave as an example of this the way in which RR had been forced to quote very low prices to win a recent large Russian contract. Moreover, neither GEC nor RR at present made a compressor. There were five compressor manufacturers in the world; GEC had tired to purchase all of them, but three were independently held and would not sell and the other two, held by holding companies, were also not up for sale. However, RR plus GEC could manufacture a compressor: it was not a question of technical expertise but acceptability. The RR name would mean that the new compressor would be acceptable to customers, although as it was at present customers would always choose a proven design.

4. Sir Arnold also stressed the desirability of GEC being able to take advantage of RR's sophisticated selling organisation overseas, especially in the US. He regarded RR's industrial and marine divisions as having good potential; but he emphasised that the aero engine side was a nightmare.

Advantage to Government

5. Sir Peter said that he could see the commercial benefits to both GEC and RR but asked what would be the advantage to Government. Sir Arnold said that anything which redounded to the advantage of RR and GEC was, speaking in broad terms, of advantage to Government. He and Sir Kenneth Keith argued that the Government was already committed to fund the future development of the RB211 indefinitely, so that the new separate funding arrangements which they sought would not change anything. As for loss of control of RR, which was a point that Sir Peter raised, Sir Arnold thought that in effect the Government's control of RR was pretty illusory anyway — at present the Government had the right to argue with RR and sack the management but little else.

6. Lord Ryder said that the only way that he could go along with the merger would be if the NEB had some form of participation in the top company resulting from the merger. Sir Arnold said that he had always been willing for the Government to take shares in GEC. However, based on the Government's present shareholding in RR — a company which was making a £20m loss, or by GEC's accounting standard, a £50m loss — the state shareholding in the new company would be fairly small.

7. During further discussion the following main points were made:

i. *Management of New Company:* Sir Arnold said that either he ran the new company or it would never be formed. He said that this was a different situation from the GEC/Parsons merger on turbo-generation, however. There GEC was predominant. In this case RR would be able to go on without GEC and have a long-term future so that GEC would have to reach an 'accommodation' with RR. He mentioned briefly the possibility of setting up a separate board to manage the new company to circumscribe his own personal powers. Of course, the day-to-day running of the company would be left to a management team constructed out of the best of the two companies. Sir Kenneth Keith remarked that there would need to be a transitional period if and when the new company was set up. He mentioned in this connection that RR would need to be able to continue to sell their engines overseas, for instance with Cooper Bessemer in Canada: it had always been RR's practice to operate a policy of non-exclusivity on sale of engines. Sir Arnold said that GEC would be happy for RR to sell engines to anyone they liked.

ii. *Funding of RB211:* Mr Rawlinson asked whether the Government would pay more or less if it funded the RB211 development separately. Sir Kenneth Keith said that the Government would not pay more. The fact was that Government was committed to the engine's future development. All aero engine work was non-commercial; in the US it was funded through the American military programme; the UK needed a different method. What he was suggesting was that the engine should receive launching aid and that the Government receive a return by means of a sales levy on engines sold. This made more sense than to fund the engine through the NEB using capital rather than income. If the Government were prepared to make separate funding in this way, then GEC would not be taking on an open-ended commitment in merging with RR. There would be benefit all round: RR brought a lot to the GEC table — their name and their relationship with Government; moreover, Marconi Elliot would benefit on the GEC side.

Mr Dearing pointed out that there were at present two elements in the funding of RR by Government: funding through the NEB and by launching aid. He asked whether the funding which Sir Arnold and Sir Kenneth Keith had in mind was for 100% separate launching aid funding. Sir Arnold said the latter was what he had in mind. Lord Ryder did not believe that the Government should fund the RB211 up to 100%. Sir Arnold said that he envisaged the aero engine side being run as a separate business for the account of Government, win or lose. However, he would be prepared for the new company to be set certain production targets and be penalised if these were not met, and rewarded conversely, thereby having a form of discipline imposed.

iii. *Relative Strength of GEC/RR Turbine Divisions:* Sir Arnold pointed out that GEC's gas turbines made a £5½m profit in the last financial year; the turnover next year was expected to be £65m giving an £8m profit. He did not think that RR's industrial turbine divisions matched this. In contrast Sir Kenneth Keith said that by coincidence RR happened to be at the bottom of both the trade and funding cycle of their operation. Sir Arnold did not accept this argument about cycles: he said that RR were holding out Indian cheesecloth and saying that it was silk; but even so, GEC were prepared to buy it! The RR name meant a lot; GEC's profits and RR's losses could in aggregate be turned to double GEC's profits in the future. GEC were paying for the removal of the threat that RR would combine with US companies and compete. They were prepared to pay a premium for the potential benefit of RR's business, as opposed to what it was actually worth. Whilst the turbine market might not look as rosy as it had done, since there was stiff competition from overseas, nonetheless there was still sufficient prospects to make a RR/GEC merger in this field worthwhile.

iv. *Parsons:* Sir Peter asked where Parsons would fit in to the new turbo generation side of the new company. Sir Arnold thought that there was no room for Parsons, although he did say that if the Government wanted GEC on a leash expressed through a shareholding in GEC, then the Government might buy Parsons before it was taken over by GEC. Sir Arnold did not seem keen on any Parsons involvement in the deal.

Conclusion

8. Sir Peter said he thought that the next step should be that the NEB should put down on a piece of paper an outline scheme of how the merger should work. This paper should be agreed by all parties. The paper should state the central proposition and the alternative variations from it. It would need to have some figures in it for the sake of example. Thereafter it would be appropriate to broach the subject with ministers. It was agreed that the note of the present meeting would be sent to Mr Murphy for his use in writing this paper.

9. Sir Arnold stressed the confidentiality of the proposition. He asked that no one else be consulted at this stage. His final remarks were that the Government would in no way be worse off if the merger went ahead, but might well be better off.

10. Sir Peter said that it went almost without saying that the respective workforces of RR and GEC would need to be consulted at some stage in the future and their agreement sought. Sir Arnold and Sir Kenneth agreed that unless the workforces could be carried, then the deal was off.

11. Sir Peter said that after the NEB had produced a paper agreed by all sides, then it would be appropriate to have another meeting.

R J HEYHOE
PS/Sir Peter Carey
815 V/S
215 5424
31 May 1977

Distribution: Mr Rawlinson
Mr Lippitt
Mr Dearing
Mr Bullock
Mr Murphy NEB

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A matter of life and death

The story we print here may be described by people in the medical profession, and in the NHS administration, as a curiosity, a freak case, or an anomaly. So indeed it is — but not quite in the usual sense.

It concerns one woman's attempt to protect herself against an imminent risk of murder — the antagonist being her own son, already the convicted but insane killer of his brother. 'Vera', as we have called her here, is alive today, and we believe that she now has some reasonable protection. (The care available for her dangerous son, who is sick rather than wicked, remains less than satisfactory.)

But, as the story shows, she obtained that protection not through the efforts of the professional people who are appointed by society to provide it — but rather, in spite of them. At one level, this is simply the story of a courageous individual trying to find a survival-path through the complex networks of British urban society: attempting to discover, by trial and error, where you go for help in a truly desperate situation. More generally, it is a case-study of the way in which our caring professions can diffuse, or dilute personal responsibility until the proposition becomes almost meaningless. Our belief, furthermore, is that the case is an 'anomaly' only in that because of the courage and good fortune of its central character it is one that can be documented in straightforward form.
JUDITH COOK reports.

PAUL WAS NEVER a violent child, says his mother, Vera. He was a gentle boy who usually played with kids younger than himself. Neighbours say he was a bit of a loner. Vera lives in a council flat in Clapham and works as a telephonist. She is 63 years old and a widow and until the events of the last five years had had virtually no dealings with any kind of bureaucracy.

In 1974 Paul went to art school. He was in his early twenties and it was just before and during this time that he began to show signs of strange behaviour. He bcame rude and surly and was finally suspended after an unprovoked attack on a fellow student. He was persuaded to spend some time in the Maudsley Hospital as a voluntary patient and he was diagnosed as schizophrenic. Shortly before Christmas in 1975 he was sent out of the Maudsley and put into the care of Tooting Bec his local hospital, as an outpatient. He had tranquillizing injections and a psychiatric social worker was detailed to look after his case.

During the days before Christmas, Paul's behaviour became very bizarre. He broke furniture, kicked in the gas fires and scrawled 'Kill' and 'Kill Mother' all over the walls. Vera told Paul's social worker, who came to see her, bringing a senior colleague with him. Vera told them she felt her son should be returned at once to the Maudsley and they agreed with her that he was deeply disturbed.

However, on the last working day before Christmas Vera was rung by the social worker and he said that although both he and his colleague felt that Paul needed treatment, they still believed that he should spend Christmas with Vera. Only if he continued erratic over the holiday would he be compulsorily returned to hospital the day after Boxing Day.

Vera says she felt very worried and alone. 'The social worker told me they felt there was a grave risk of suicide or violence and I said if they felt that, couldn't they do something straight away but I was told it could wait unitl after Christmas.' He was, they said, officially in the care of Tooting Bec. They would be told and the emergency social services would also be alerted. They gave her a number to ring in case of trouble.

On Christmas Eve, Paul's behaviour was so frightening that she rang the emergency number. 'The man sounded bored and said he didn't know anything about it. I asked him to look up the case, there *must* be a note of it. When I rang back he said he'd seen the note but told me to wait until after Christmas. He said if I was worried, why didn't I get a neighbour in?'

Vera's other son, Max, was not living at home but was sufficiently worried about his mother to move in with her over the holiday. On Boxing Day Paul killed him.

Hearing voices, Vera went into her sitting room to find Paul smashing his brother's head repeatedly against the wall. She tried to ring the police but Paul grabbed the phone out of her hand and told them it was merely a 'domestic tiff' and that his brother was walking about all right. 'Paul lay bleeding on the floor and I said for God's sake let me get a doctor or he'll die and Paul said "let him".' About three quarters of an hour later, a policeman arrived — just to see whether or not the call was an emergency — and immediately called an ambulance. Before leaving for hospital, Vera again rang the emergency number but was told to leave a message.

Half an hour after getting Paul to St Thomas's she was told he was dead, the cause given as asphyxiation due to choking on his own blood. While she was in hospital she had a call from the emergency social worker who said, crossly, 'I understand you rang — what is it *this* time?' The day after the murder Paul's social worker came round and he hadn't been told. He said 'Had a nice Christmas?' and she said 'Max's dead and Paul's in Brixton . . .'

Vera thought that the trial would give her the opportunity to explain how, if the social services had behaved differently, the tragedy might never have happened but

> I wasn't called. He pleaded guilty and was found so with diminished responsibility and sent to Broadmoor. I understand a social services report was put before the Judge ten minutes before the trial but I wasn't allowed to see it.

Vera spent three months trying to see the social services report and only after a lot of pushing was she allowed to have it read over to her. 'There was no mention in it of the visit by the senior social worker or of the recommendations made. In fact it said little notice had been taken of my pleas for help because I had cried wolf too often.'

PAUL RESPONDED to the treatment at Broadmoor. He was not heavily sedated and worked in the library, while Vera built up a good relationship with his doctor and the physician superintendent, Dr McGrath.

She began to rebuild her shattered life. She took on extra work to help fill in lonely hours, her friends rallied round and she regularly ited Paul. In 1977 she was told Paul was well enough to leave Broadmoor and would be returned to the hospital under whose care he was when the offence occurred — Tooting Bec. In view of what had happened before, this worried Vera very much. As Tooting was so near to where she lived she asked if Paul could go somewhere else. She was told there was no alternative.

'Paul deteriorated rapidly in Tooting', she says. 'He had nothing to stimulate him and was treated with largactil. He became a zombie and developed abcesses.' Friends of Vera who saw him in Broadmoor and Tooting confirm his deterioration. Vera tried to see his doctor, Dr C. J. Pattinson. But Pattinson continually refused to see her, saying — by letter — that 'details of Paul's treatment are a confidential matter between him and me'. He stressed that he was treating Paul on a one to one basis.

Intruders are excluded, he went on to say. 'We find in illneses of this type that close dependent relationships with family are bad for treatment.'

However, Vera was persuaded that it would be a good idea, as part of the treatment, to allow Paul home for short visits. A few such visits took place, under strict supervision by the hospital authorities.

But quite suddenly Paul began turning up on his own.

In April 1978 he knocked on the door. When Vera asked him if he had permission to be out he proceeded to beat her up. He broke her nose, her fingers, smashed her glasses into her eyes and knocked her down. He wouldn't let her near the phone and she had to wait until

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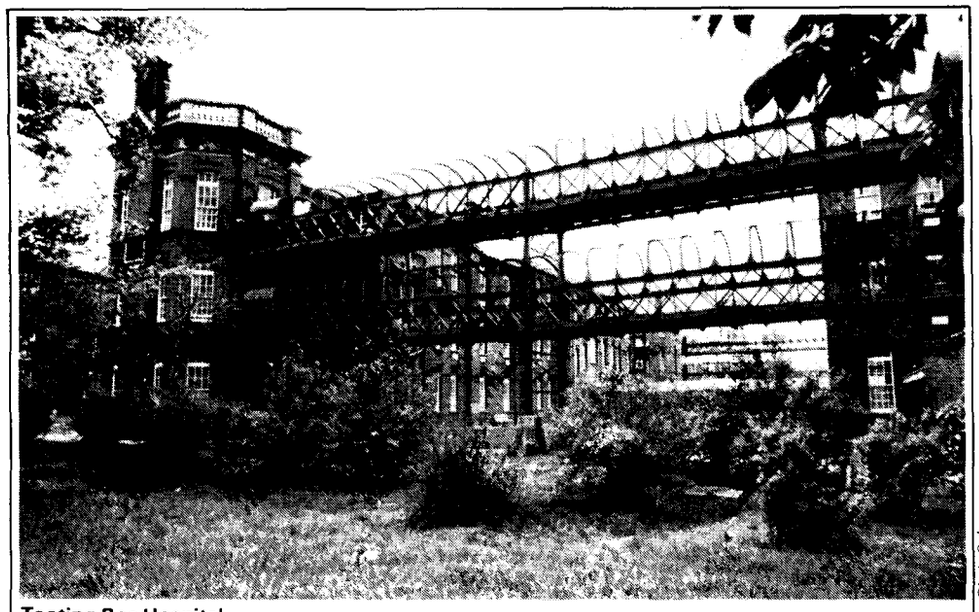

Chris Schwarz

Tooting Bec Hospital

2 a.m. when he fell asleep. She left the home in her night clothes, covered in blood, and rang Tooting. They said there was no report of any patient missing. She rang the police, who returned Paul, and then she went to hospital for treatment.

Her GP gave her a certificate for a month off work describing her condition as being a clear case of criminal assault. Vera rang Tooting the day after to be told Paul was still in an open ward and may or may not be seeing his consultant. She was still anxious that Paul should be kept in a closed ward or returned to Broadmoor and thought that her Community Health Council might be able to help her achieve this.

In one of the reports on her case, the CHC says 'I rang Mr Elkin, the administrator who said he was not sure how much responsibility the hospital had for patients' relatives and he would get in touch with Dr Pattinson but did not think this would achieve anything.'

Vera again wrote to Dr Pattinson. Three weeks later he replied saying 'The episode on April 17 is an unfortunate happening which occurred during the rehabilitation process and Paul is contrite now. In spite of the occurrence, I believe that my basic scheme of rehabilitation is correct.' Vera said there was no rehabilitation, treatment consisted of either being heavily sedated in a locked ward or allowed to wander at will in an open one with nothing at all to do and where nurses told her they had no authority to prevent patients getting in.

VERA REMAINED concerned that Paul might get out of hospital and attack her again. She devoted the rest of 1978 to making sure that he was properly restrained and to finding out what future there was for him. Finally, six months after the assault and following the intervention of Vera's MP — John Tilley — Dr Pattinson agreed to see her. But even then he saw her with Paul present and, quite naturally, Vera felt inhibited by this and was not able to discuss her worries fully.

Last year Paul began breaking out again. Between the end of August and mid-October he got out four times. Vera's life became a nightmare. On one occasion he arrived with an equally disturbed female patient, both of them drunk, and threatened to beat her up if she didn't let them stay the night. He actually tried to throttle her but she managed to run out of the flat and ring the police.

The next time, she knew it was Paul at the door and refused him entry but on the next occasion she got home from work to find him lying across her doorstep. Again he pushed into the flat; this time ripped out the phone and again she had to wait for him to calm down before she could get out and ring the police.

His fourth visit was to her 75-year old friend, Mrs Green. He arrived half naked and very confused in the middle of the night. He pushed inside and Mrs Green talked to him for hours until he calmed down and she could ring the police.

Vera became increasingly frightened, frantic and incoherent with worry, thinking every knock on the door was Paul or that he wold be waiting in the dark for her. She took to spending all evening in the flat with the lights out, in case Paul was outside and could see that she was in. The last letters she received from Pattinson said that if Paul attacked her again her remedy lay through the courts. He told her on the phone, she says, that if she continued to complain she would sentence her son to Broadmoor for life or, worse, to Rampton.

The long report from the CHC bears out all Vera had to say. It comes to the conclusion that the hospital could lay itself open to a charge of criminal negligence if Paul absconded from the hospital and killed his mother. It stresses Vera had exhausted all the correct and proper channels to ensure something was done to protect her, but to no avail.

One member of the Council describes his own experience with Pattinson. Pattinson told him his 'concern was wth the patients, not comforting relatives.' He went on to say Vera had the ordinary rights of a citizen. She could lock her door and keep her son out or she could charge him. It was not his responsibiity to help Vera, who should go to her own doctor or possibly to a psychiatrist.

'I pointed out', says the CHC worker, 'that no one had given her this advice and I was very unhappy about his written and verbal responses both to her and me. I asked him to contact her again and he said he would not.'

ON 23 OCTOBER 1979 Vera visited Paul in hospital with her sister-in-law. He demanded money and she refused. her companion gave him a pound and asked him to be quiet but he turned on his mother and said if she didn't give him money, he'd smash her head in. Vera and her sister-in-law left and, amazingly, not only was Paul allowed to follow them out of the ward but out of the hospital.

Vera had to keep him talking while the other lady got the gatekeeper to go for help. Following this visit, Vera had threatening phone calls from Paul saying he would come round and kill her.

She did not know where to turn. She sought legal advice to see if there was some kind of action she could take to make the hospital restrain Paul. Her solicitor had little or no experience in this kind of litigation and his brush with the hospital authorities led him to tell her that he had been informed that any legal action would be fought 'to the House of Lords.'

It would cost her a lot of money, he advised. He suggested an injunction but this was served on Paul himself. Vera could see little point in this — if he was in a good state of mind he would not want to injure her but if he was not, then injunctions would mean little to him.

At this stage Mrs Green, her friend, suggested going to the press for help and through a series of contacts she arrived in the offices of the *New Statesman* where the editor put her in touch with an experienced solicitor. Suddenly things changed. Within a very short period of time Paul was locked up permanently. This is what Vera wants for him until he is returned to Broadmoor where at least some kind of rehabilitation was previously going on.

She has remained unhappy at involving the Press but what other course remained? In the last two years, while living in constant fear, she had contacted the hospital at every level and on numerous occasions, the social services department, her Community Health Council, MIND, the legal department of which did give her some pertinent advice, her MP, who did his best, and at the end of all that she still spent her evenings in the dark with furniture across the door.

Nor can she be happy at the idea of Paul spending the rest of his life in a closed ward at Tooting Bec, totally sedated and unable to do anything at all. She feels that in his clearer moments he must blame her even more, seeing her as the reason for his lack of freedom and the treatment he has received.

Her hope, she feels, lies in him being returned to Broadmoor where he could carry on a more normal life, where she could visit him without the threats which followed nearly every visit to Tooting, and most of all where she found his doctors helpful and prepared to discuss the case with her when she wanted information.

But Broadmoor is a highly specialised unit

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and in fairness to Tooting Bec Hospital, it suffers from all the problems besetting old mental hospitals today when funds have never been tighter. Housed in Victorian buildings, some 861 patients are cramped into 48 wards. A hospital spokesman says: 'The policy of the hospital is that if the consultant feels it is better for the patient to be kept on an open ward we try to do so although we realise the problems, especially in such a personal case as this where mother and son are involved. Obviously there is no way of being absolutely certain that the patients cannot possibly get out but we like to keep as many people in an open ward as possible. Apart from the administrative problems involved we have only two locked wards out of 48 and we really don't have the facilities to keep patients locked up here indefinitely. If we feel this is necessary, then we transfer them to Broadmoor.'

I pointed out that this was just what Vera wanted but she said that Broadmoor was not keen to take this patient. 'They will only do so if they can be persuaded it is absolutely necessary and there is a risk of continual violence for which their treatment is necessary. They are extremely overcrowded.'

Dr Pattinson was, she said, very severe with Paul over his attack on his mother and he is now kept on a restricted ward.

> We do our best to keep our lines of communication open to patients' relatives — given the fact that we have 861 patients. So far as we are concerned the patient's mother had extensive communication with Dr Pattinson but relatives cannot tell consultants how they should treat their patients, a great deal must depend on the doctor's clinical judgment, nor can that judgment be influenced by legal actions.
>
> This case is quite unprecedented — since it happened guidelines have been laid down to help with future dealings with patients' relatives. Our aim in general is to keep an open door policy but it is a very difficult matter to do what is best for the patient, for the relatives and for the general public. Whose interest should come first?

AS WE SAID to begin with, this story is unusual only in that it has clear and dramatic outlines, which can be supported by plain evidence. To many people who have dealt with the health-service bureaucracy and the professional folk who inhabit it, some version of this nightmare, if in less violent form, will be all too familiar.

It is, of course, quite correct to say that 'the system' is at fault — in that there is too little provision for help to the mentally ill, and that stories like this would occur less frequently if more resources were available. That is true enough.

But the central point about Vera's story concerns the responses of the individuals who appear in it — the social workers, the doctors, the lawyers, who either failed to see that she and her children were desperate for help, or else were not capable, when it came to the issue, of providing the help required. An infinity of resources, even if it were available, would not change the fact that a medical system, or a legal system, is in the end only as good as the people who do its work.

What is shown here is not the need for more money to go into mental-health services, or more money to be provided for individual legal assistance — though both those cases can be separately made. Vera's story is far from over, but what it shows once again is the need for *accountability:* the need for professional judgments to be made by people who know they will be held responsible for them, and know they will have to explain themselves. One should not be afraid of a truism where it is appropriate: if the lesson of accountability can be learnt, then the death of 'Max', the sickness of 'Paul', and the sufferings of their mother are to some extent redeemed.

Fred Halliday

The road to Prince's Gate

It is an instructive irony that the conflagration at the Iranian Embassy in London should have coincided with the death of President Tito. For he had achieved what Khomeini has so spectacularly failed to bring about, namely a post-revolutionary federal structure in which the different nationalities of his country are given a measure of autonomy. It is because Khomeini and his associates have arrogantly refused to consider the demands for regional autonomy within Iran that the six-day siege of Prince's Gate occurred.

Within the last two weeks hundreds of people, many of them non-combatants, have been slain in Iranian Kurdistan; on May 2 two Arab youths were executed for staging protest sit-ins at the University of Ahvaz. The Constitution which was ratified by a referendum of dubious probity last November allows no substantive rights to the non-Persian minorities who make up around 50 per cent of the Iranian population. Because of Khomeini's intransigance there now exists a danger of civil war in Iran between the Persian forces at the centre and the rebellious minorities.

The conflict over the Arab areas of the south goes bac to the First World War. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, now BP, discovered oil there in 1908 under a concession from the Shah, but the Iranian central state lost control in the War and the British ensured their position in the oil-producing areas by dealing directly with the chief of the local Arab population, a Sheikh Khazal. They paid him a subsidy and gave vague promises of support.

Once the War was over, and a new centralising regime headed by the Shah's father in power in Tehran, the Sheikh's days were numbered: and in 1924 central government forces re-occupied the area. Sheikh Khazal was taken in captivity to Tehran, and the temporary autonomy of the region ended.

The majority of what is now the province of Khuzistan was originally Arabic-speaking; but with the development of the oil industry there was substantial migration from the Persian-speaking provinces to the north. To-day probably less than half of the Khuzistan population, around 750,000 people, are Arabs.

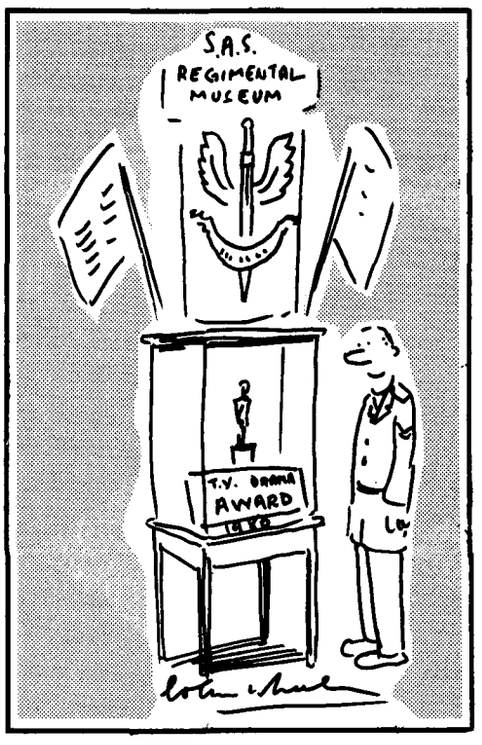
The local Arabs received relatively less of the opportunities opened up by the oil boom. They performed the unskilled jobs in the oil industry, and when agro-business projects were opened up in the 1960s many Arab villagers were herded off their land into miserable housing areas called *shahraks,* where no proper provision for re-employment was made. The oil revenues went directly to the centre, and even bank lending rates were higher in provincial towns like Ahvaz than in Tehran.

The political cause of the Arabs revived in the 1950s, under the influence of Nasserism and the overthrow of the monarchy in neighbouring Iraq. In 1958 a Front for the Liberation of Ahvaz appeared, protesting at what it termed the 'occupation' of the area; in 1964-65 there were bomb explosions in the region by Arab opposition militants. Further incidents took place in 1973. As with the other non-Persian minorities under the Shah, there were not even linguistic rights for the Arabs, let alone anything approaching regional autonomy.

Khuzistan played an important part in the revolution that overthrew the Shah, but more because of the strike of the mainly Persian oil workers than because of the activities of the local Arabs. The new Islamic government in Tehran showed no interest in meeting the demands that were quickly put forward by the local Arab leader, Ayatollah Khaqani. In May of last year serious fighting in Ahvaz and other Khuzistan towns led to the Ayatollah being deported to Qom, and the Cultural Centre used by the local population was closed down. Since that time there have been repeated cases of bomb attacks, student protests, arrests and shootings. The arrest of ninety-one people from Ahvaz earlier this year was the particular issue that led to the Prince's Gate seizure by the previously unknown 'Group of the Martyr'.

The cause of the Khuzistani Arabs is complicated by the role of Iraq which has always had influence amongst the Arab population lying just over its border with Iran. Khomeini, Ghotbzadeh and Bani-Sadr find it easy to cast the Arab opponents as 'mercenaries' in the pay of the Iraqis, and the Baghdad government has given support and publicity to the opposition in Khuzistan.

The Iraqis do not help their case by using the factitious name 'Arabestan' for the area, but it is not they who created the problem in the first place: that responsibility lies with the Shah and Khomeini. Moreover, as Iraqi officials pointed out to me in Baghdad last month, the Iraqis are not aiming at the secession of the area from Iran, only a recognition of the rights of the Arabs.



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WEAPONRY
Tim Coone

Arms sales are big business for the Israelis

Israel's dangerous exports

THE NICARAGUAN REVOLUTION, which last year ended 43 years of dictatorship, and current signs of similar upheavals in El Salvador and Guatemala, have revealed a disturbing phenomenon: Israel is rapidly becoming a major arms supplier to the Third World and especially to Latin America, and in recent years has developed links with a variety of repressive regimes around the world.

At the height of the civil war in Nicaragua last summer, it became known that Israel was supplying large quantities of arms and ammunition to General Somoza. The US had cut off supplies in 1978 and, indeed, it was only under US pressure that Israeli supplies were also stopped on 2 July. Somoza's regime fell two weeks later.

According to the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI), Israel had been supplying 98 per cent of Nicaragua's armaments imports. The same source notes that between 1972 and 1977 Israel supplied 81 per cent of El Salvador's military imports, which accounted for 15 per cent of Israel's total military exports over that period. Its major sales to El Salvador were 25 Arava aircraft (which provides military transport and are versatile enough to be used in counter-insurgency warfare) and quantities of Uzi sub-machine guns and Galil assault rifles, as well as ammunition. All are Israeli-designed and produced weapons.

Sales of major items such as aircraft and ships are generally reported in the press, but sales of small arms, artillery, ammunition and electronic equipment which can be employed directly against a country's own people, are rarely publicised — primarily because of the adverse effect this would have on Israel's image. These tend to come to light during civil uprisings when arms are captured. At the height of the Guatemala-Belize dispute in 1977, a 65-ton shipload of Israeli guns and ammunition en route for Guatemala was seized at Barbados.

UP TO 1967, when France cut off arms supplies to Israel following its occupation of the West Bank, Gaza, Sinai and the Golan Heights, Israel's armaments industry had been primarily directed at manufacturing small arms and ammunition for use by its own military. France's embargo greatly increased Israel's dependence on the US — now its sole suppliers of weapons. To reduce that dependence, Israel has, since 1967, been making huge investments to develop its armaments industry. Today it is an important competitor on the world market for sophisticated military hardware such as aircraft, missiles, artillery, radars, tele-communications and other electronics.

Some of Israel's largest industrial complexes are closely connected with the defence industries and involved in the production of large arms contracts. The Israel Aircraft Industries (IAI), which is wholly government-owned, is Israel's largest industrial enterprise. It employs over 20,000 people and its various divisions and subsidiaries produce the Kfir fighter (an improved version of the French Mirage III) the Arava military transport, the Gabriel missile, patrol boats, a reconnaisance vehicle, as well as military electronics and avionics equipment which are finding a growing market overseas. Another government-owned subsidiary, Ta'as, or Israel Military Industries, had a turnover of $345 million in 1976, exceeding that of IAI. Ta'as manufacturers the Uzi sub-machine gun, the Galil rifle, military vehicles and components, and a wide range of hand grandades, mines, bombs, and ammunition; $85 million worth went for export in 1976, and according to its publicity material Ta'as sells to more than 80 countries around the world.

Two other major armaments companies are SOLTAM and TADIRAN which, together with IAI and IMI, make up the four largest industrial concerns in Israel. SOLTAM is owned by Koor Holdings, which is in turn owned by the Histadrut, Israel's trade union representative body, and produces a wide range of mortars, artillery and ammunition, with a turnover in 1978 of $150 million in 1978. TADIRAN, which is jointly owned by Koor (and hence the Histadrut) and an American company, General Telephone and Electronics Industries, produces military communication equipment and other electronics. Its turnover in 1978 exceeded $200 million and, as with the other companies, a large part of the sales go for export.

Many more firms depend on major military contracts to keep their order books full, and well over 200 firms are involved in military contracts to a greater or lesser degree. In total, around 40,000 people, or 14 per cent of Israel's industrial workforce is directly engaged in the manufacture of armaments. This heavy weighting to weapons production has brought problems. First, it has diverted resources from other sectors and increased the import bill for other goods and, second, the high research and development costs of sophisticated armaments require long production runs to defray these costs. Israel's defence force, although large even by European standards, has a limit to its requirements and so export markets are essential to the survival of Israel's military industries and indeed to the economy itself. Only this way does the Israeli government feel it can reduce the need for its own armaments imports and thereby ease its staggering balance of payments problems. Thus, in 1979, Israel's industrial exports (excluding diamonds) amounted to $3,200 million, of which military exports accounted for $600 million, or almost 20 per cent.

The major western armaments producers have interests in supplying their own domestic markets and are therefore unwilling to accept Israeli imports of high-technology weaponry. As a result, and because of its international political isolation, Israel has turned to allies and market outlets among Third World governments which have some of the worst human rights records of all. It has had major military contracts with South Africa, Argentina, Chile, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Ecuador, Indonesia, to name but a few, and by the mid-70's had achieved the ignoble position of being the world's largest arms exporter and the largest arms producer and supplier in the Third World. It has wittingly supplied weapons to regimes such as South Africa, Nicaragua and El Salvador, where human rights considerations have prompted even Western countries to cancel or refuse arms deals.

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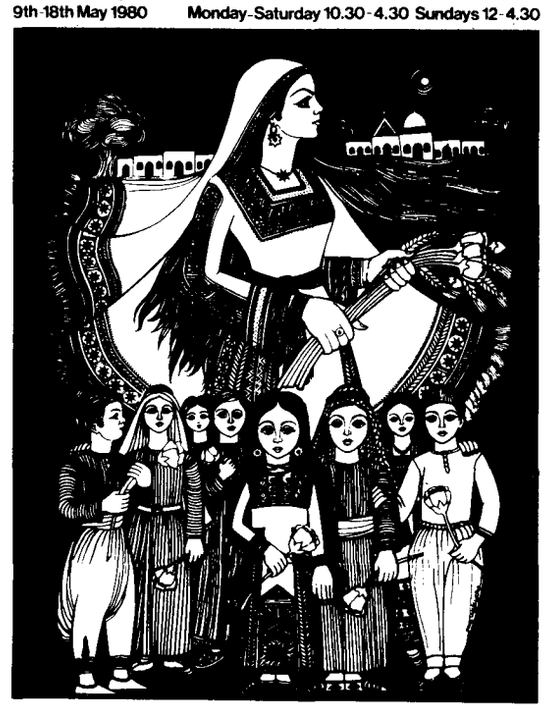

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Cultural, economic and military penetration is hard to resist

The Americanisation of Egypt

'WE ARE THE REARGUARD of a beaten army, where there are plenty of blows and no glory to be won. As to Cairo, what I care for most in it is gone beyond recovery. Egypt may get a certain share of financial ease but she will not get liberty, at least not in our time.' These words — applicable to an Egypt whose leadership has accepted new foreign manacles with kinky glee, not under duress — were in fact written by Wilfrid Blunt after the British occupation of 1882 was ordered by Gladstone and condoned by the Khedive, Muhammad Towfik. They have a bitter resonance for those who saw, in Nasser's intuitive move to the Left, a secular opening to social justice.

The Egyptological cliché, that the Nile fosters a society whose patterns, even of change, are as repetitive as the skyline of mosques and palms, seems confirmed. The pendulum swings from resistance to collaboration. In the decade since Nasser's death a dream of America — more of the 1950s than of today — increasingly charmed the rulers of Egypt.

Mimetic regimes are revealed as much by their celebrations as their published policies. Towfik's father, Ismail *il Magnifico*, had moulded a sub-European Ruritania. His characteristic celebration in autumn 1869 marked 'the reunion of two seas' — the Red Sea and Mediterranean but, metaphorically, a vulnerable Islam and an all-powerful Europe. In exposition of his slogan, *Egypt is henceforth part of Europe, not Africa!*, the fiesta began with prayers from mullahs and bishops at Port Said and culminated with a performance of *Rigoletto (Aida* being incomplete) at a wooden Opera. It was, of course, wasted money. Potentates attended in their yachts, ate vast imported meals but were not induced to treat Egypt as an equal. Ismail had offered to send black troops to Mexico to support the French puppet emperor and had furnished a palace for the Empress Eugénie. Within a twelvemonth Napoleon III had lost his throne. No fool, Ismail perceived in his heart that the Canal would own Egypt, not vice versa. His granddaughter, Fowzia, was briefly married to the Shah of Iran, whose party at Persepolis with flown-in champagne and trashy guests might have warned the perceptive of coming ayatollahs.

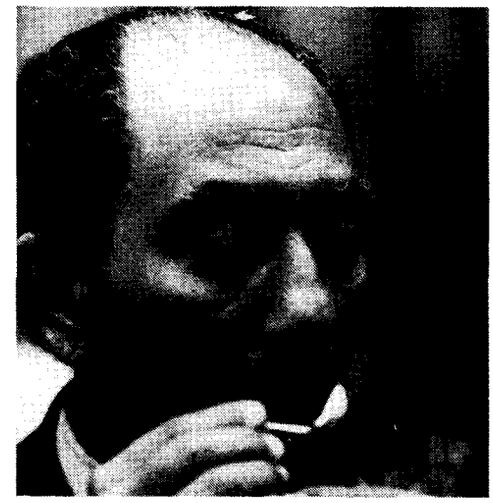
Last September Sadat celebrated his own entry into café society with a party near the pyramids. *Egypt is henceforth part of the American cosmos!* The bills were paid by Revlon Inc., the cosmetic giant till then excluded from the Egyptian market because of its Israeli connections. 'Last night a bunch of beautiful people,' wrote the *New York Times* correspondent, 'created their own island of conspicuous opulence in a sea of Egyptian poverty.' Over four hundred partygoers jetted in from the West, many from the same richraff previously photographed at Persepolis. Others had more serious intentions. The man in charge was Michel C. Bergerac, the Revlon chairman, whose publicised purpose was to raise funds for Mrs Sadat's favourite charity. But parties charging half a million in expenses make charity ambiguous. The guest of honour, the elderly crooner Frank Sinatra, was claimed by his PR man, Lee Solters, to be paying the expenses of his six key musicians besides his own. But 'a well-placed insider' told the *New York Times* that the gala paid Mr Sinatra's bill for a private jet to Cairo.

The standard ticket cost the equivalent of nine years' wages for an ordinary Egyptian — $2500 — and paid for the evening's fun, a hotel room with meals and visits by air-conditioned bus to the pharaonic museum and a make-up session in a beauty salon set up by Revlon.

A larger price — $30,000 — secured an Egyptian minister who could advise visitors in their assault on the local market with a table for six. These expensive tables were all taken. Their patrons included senior executives of Philip Morris, PanAm, TWA and Mobil Oil. After Sinatra had sung to the Sphinx, the action moved to the pool of Mena House Oberoi where Revlon had decreed an 'Ivoire' theme. Women were commanded to wear ivory, black or gold. Jihan Sadat, her daughter and daughter-in-law allowed themselves to be made up in the ivory look, though one intimate observer told me it made little difference to their normal appearance. Pierre Balmain, a couturier who enjoys a link with Revlon, displayed his personal collection. 'His mannequins marched round the pool in white overcoats with padded shoulders and matching jackboots, then in soft dresses and pajamas, some of which were made with Egyptian cotton, and finally in gold, figleaf bikinis.' The party culminated in a dinner for specially important guests at a cinema club in Giza: the host, Mr Alfred Atherton, the US ambassador.

This feast of western values necessitated the President's absence for the first time from the annual commemoration of Nasser's death; only two dozen mourners gathered in his mosque-tomb.

To regard the occasion as funny in the manner of Ronald Firbank would be to miss its significance. Hassan Hanafi, professor of Islamic history at Cairo University, was wearing a Palestinian flag in his lapel on the occasion, in February this year, of the normalisation of relations with Israel. 'The American occupation,' he then told me, 'is far more complete, far more all-encompassing than the British, which concerned itself with such specifics as Egypt's strategic position or the supply of raw cotton for Lancashire mills. The aim of the Americans and their Israeli agents is a total takeover of the spirit, mind and culture of this country, to weld it as an inseparable organ into the western alliance.'



Camera Press

Hanafi points to important social and cultural differences between the two occupations. The old regime, for all its faults, contained many patriots. Nationalist pashas offered on one occasion to pay Ismail's debts if he would stick to his guns. His daughter, Fatima Ismail, sold her jewels to fund the Faculty of Arts, the nucleus of the first secular university. 'The pashas of 1980 are selling Egypt cheaply while the new occupiers offer nothing of cultural value.'

TO DISMISS SADAT and his entourage as traitors to Nasser's revolution would be simplistic. There is a tragic sense in which the counter-revolution has its roots in Nasserism. Nasser, even his critic P. J. Vatikiotis admits, was dominated by the wish to create an Egypt without foreign occupiers. But the methods he sanctioned, in particular his reliance on secret police, alienated but did not destroy an influential minority. Nasser's dictatorial temper required a basically passive society in which 'socialist gains' were handed down as donations from above. Like other Third World leaders from Sukarno to Nkrumah he perfected a machine which could be driven as easily to the right as to the left. His inheritors were to turn the vehicle full circle. But during his rule they were as compliant as Moravia's *Conformista.* The Italian connection explains much in an Egypt where the architecture is usually a generation behind Italian models. One is surprised to learn that a building in the style of 1910 was in fact put up under Farouk. Mussolini's Italy fascinated (and, simultaneously with the British Embassy, subsidised) Ahmed Hussein, the founder of the Green Shirts and Nasser's mentor. A national solidarity transcending class conflict or individual opinions was the basis of what Roman propagandists of the 1930s called 'plebiscite democracies', and which Hussein preferred to the parliamentary model. A ruler who had somehow seized power would periodically put a question to his people in a referendum which hardly needed rigging. Since it refuses accountability and equates criticism with treason, this system produced a caste whose sense of temporary omnipotence banishes principle. Sadat manifested none of the doubts which lost Nasser his best followers; men such as Kemaleddin Hussein and Abdul Latif Boghdadi who have since

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proved truest to what was valid in his legacy. Sadat was a rebel in his youth, fighting, as he told a group of perhaps surprised German editors, for the Nazi cause. In the Yemeni War he acted as Nasser's plenipotentiary in Sanaa.

Nasser, thus unchallenged, created no effective institutions to criticise him in his lifetime or defend his goals after his death. America, watching his failing health, used manifold openings and skills to fuse the exhaustion of the majority and the gripes of a minority into the Egypt we see today. In the press Mohammed Haikal had built *al-Ahram* to Beaverbrookian splendour, but without enhancing the professional freedom of his overpaid hacks. The press seems one area in which financial inducements were used, persuading a group of senior editors to diffuse a carefully graded range of ideas. Starting with the justified airing of judicial abuses they finally presented America and Israel as civilised friends. The Palestinians who had lost their homes and the Russians who had trained and armed the divisions which crossed the Canal were portrayed as terrorists or godless enemies.

Quasi-charitable organisations penetrated the higher consumers. For example, Project HOPE ('Health Opportunities for People Everywhere') aimed to import US doctors, nurses and know-how while sending Egyptians for further study in America. (The Egyptian Gazette estimates that 1300 postgraduates have been lost since the October War. Others put the figures much higher.) HOPE's first local boss — a former colonel, branch of service undisclosed, in Vietnam — compiled voluminous reports having no obvious connection with health. Telexes passed between the office and Kissinger. Egyptian employees were probed about the differences between Muslims and Copts while a capricious method of awarding salaries heightened unease.

The American University in Cairo, an inferior version of the American University of Beirut, attracted the children of the well-to-do. But a game among its genuine academics was to spot the CIA man. Degrees from obscure institutions in sociology or political science were favoured covers. The late Christopher Theron, AUC President from 1970 to 1974, was naively named as CIA in the university history (soon to be published by the Syracuse University Press). The relevant pages in the library's typescript copy were found to have vanished when students protested at a project to name a new library after him. Theron had initiated a policy of paying employees in dollars, not local currency; he also arranged for American employees to be replaced before they acquired too informed a sympathy for Middle Eastern causes.

Sadat, youthful admirer of Hitler and middleaged exponent of Arab nationalism, was obviously not converted by his own press, HOPE or the American University. A former foreign minister suggests: 'While the Americans, no less than the Russians, first took him as a mere stop-gap president, they proved more flexible. Besides, Sadat expected more from the Russians than they could give. Egypt has never been as close to the USSR as Israel to the US. For Russia to have given us such backing, we would have had to join the Warsaw Pact, an idea entertained by none.'

Washington gains far more from Egypt than a limited market or the temporary conquest of hearts. The alienation of the most populous Arab state splits the Middle East at a time when its unity could resist the US assumption that Arab oil is rightly hers. Egypt offers an ideally central position, as its use in the Iran raid proved, for intervention at many points of the compass. Sadat as commander-in-chief has shown himself eager to be Carter's Castro. His soldiers can serve America as the Khedive's soldiers served Britain in her reconquest of Sudan. The billions that America is spending to rearm Egypt (against mere millions for the dilapidated economy) illustrates the value she attaches to a supply of manpower that need not darken its face with make-up or learn crash-course Arabic!

But Washington's deeper commitment to Israel, her greater confidence in Israeli technology, has a schizophrenic effect on America's planning which may undermine her successes. The Egyptian army must be loyal enough to maintain Sadat and effective enough to put down rebels there, help raid here, even, perhaps, invade and occupy Libya. But it must simultaneously be too weak to take on the one neighbour which has successfully attacked it in the past and still occupies a slab of Sinai. It is not merely a question of preventing an Egyptian attack on Israel. Egypt must not be strong enough to prevent an Israeli return to the Canal, or beyond, if Sadat changes his line or is replaced.

'Our army,' I remember Nasser telling me, 'is not like your army, a basically reactionary force. Ours has always been a progressive entity, closely involved in our struggle for liberation.'

It is always, Muhammad Sayid Ahmed points out, either a super-institution or a sub-institution, never a normal institution. Every positive change since Muhammad Ali destroyed the mamelukes has depended on the army; every occupier has sought to reduce it. American advisers have succeeded in getting most conscripts drafted into 'central security' anti-riot squads. Yet the officers remain Arabic-speaking Muslims, not robots, who see their careers in terms of serving an interest which differs from America's obsession with oil or Begin's colonisation of what is left of Arab Palestine. Not all of them can be tranquilised with new toys, increased pay or access to lucrative out-of-hours enterprise. The fear of what such officers might plan explains the report (*Herald Tribune*, 12 November 1979) that the CIA has supplied 'radio and associated equipment to Egyptian President Anwar Sadat so that he could communicate with aides without being overheard by his own military officers — and to enable him to eavesdrop on his own military.'

Although foreign occupation recurs in Egypt's history, so does the tradition of a national upsurge: then a new pharoah 'who knows not Joseph' evicts the occupier of the moment.

The economic alternative

THEY MAY NOT have intended to, but the twelve MP's on the new Treasury select committee have produced a devastating critique of the government's economic strategy. We reported on the rough time they were giving the Chancellor and his advisers two weeks ago (NS, 25 April 1980). The committee's own report — published last week — highlights the government's own admission that manufacturing industry is likely to contract in every year between now and 1983/84. Even the committee chairman Edward du Cann confessed that he expected the overall fall in manufacturing production between now and 1984 to be even more than the 6 per cent expected by the government.

Unemployment, according to the committee, is likely to rise to between 2¼ million and 2½ million by 1983. Sir Geoffrey Howe acknowledged in his evidence that the 1.8 million jobless (the highest, by far, since the war) assumed for the government's spending White Paper was 'inconsistent' with the Treasury's own predictions of economic growth during the rest of this Parliament.

The government, of course, claims that this is necessary to defeat inflation — itself a precondition for economic growth and improved living standards. This policy is based on the belief that governments can dictate the rate of inflation by controlling the money supply and the private sector can only be restored to health by cutting back the public sector.

Neither Howe nor his Treasury advisers and colleagues can explain how tight monetary policies are translated into lower inflation. Nor can they explain how raising the charges for public services and nationalised industry prices boosts the private sector when it faces a shrinking home market. As the Treasury committee says there is 'little convincing evidence' that there will be a major turnround in the economy after the coming 18 months of slump.

Tories claim that there is no workable alternative to their policies. But a new book published this month* argues, using as evidence the Treasury's own model of the economy, that the government can engineer an expansion of the economy in the good old-fashioned Keynsian manner by increasing government spending. They have tested their policies on the Treasury's model, although many of the key assumptions which determine how the model works are not the same as the Treasury's. The model suggests that a policy of increasing public spending by £1000 million a year for the next four years would lead to higher incomes and many more jobs by the mid-1980s than we can expect under current policies.

Of course, there is a price: the expansionary policies advocated in this book will lead to faster inflation and a bigger balance of payments problem. They might also lead to a collapse of confidence in the City. Fear of the financial markets inhibited the last Labour government and clearly any future one would be worried by the prospect of money flooding from the country and/or financial institutions refusing to fund the government's debt by buying gilts. In addition, there is a problem in the effect such policies have on companies: the rise in economic activity tends to improve profits, but increased corporation tax to pay for some of the extra public spending may worsen industry's finances. The response of the men who run British industry would be critical to such a plan's success.

The authors of the book have some answers to

**The Economics of Prosperity*, David Blake and Paul Ormerod (Eds), Grant McIntyre, 1980 £3.95.

THE TIMES
Educational Supplement
This Week
Lionel Elvin:
Higher Education
since Robbins
Anthony Smith
on Press Barons
Primary school
competition:
children's winning entries
Available every Friday

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these problems. Some believe that an expansionary policy can only work with an incomes policy to hold down the consequent inflationary pressures: as the economy grows and unemployment falls workers are inclined to fight for higher wages and industrialists are more inclined to give them; and, when there are no more unemployed resources in the economy, additional demand from the government only leads to higher prices, not increased output.

The expansionary policy would also increase prices because of the inevitable devaluation of the pound. Quite apart from any fall in the pound caused by a decline in confidence in foreign exchange markets, the pound would be bound to fall because of a much higher balance of payments deficit. This would be no bad thing for British industry, squeezed as it is by the very high level of sterling at the moment.

But a devaluation large enough to wipe out Britain's balance of payments problem would push up inflation very sharply and some expansionists argue that the gains in competitiveness caused by devaluation are quickly wiped out as wages and other domestic prices catch up. As a result, Blake and Ormerod suggest a combination of devaluation and import tariffs to deal with the balance of payments problem.

According to the Treasury model, that works. But unfortunately in real life it is hard to manoeuvre exchange rates and a government trying to expand the economy would be more likely to face a sudden sharp, destabilising drop in the pound. But without some devaluation or import controls, expansion would help boost production and jobs abroad rather than in Britain.

The risks of accelerating inflation should be set against the experience of governments since the mid-1970s. They have concentrated on fighting inflation to the exclusion of other economic objectives, without noticeable success but at a high price in terms of stagnation and lost jobs. Blake and Ormerod suggest that their policies would cut unemployment to 800,000 by 1983, while inflation would be running at about 17 or 18 per cent — though that looks somewhat optimistic with a current rate of 20 per cent or so. They estimate that it would need three million out of work to get inflation down to 5 per cent. Many people might consider this too high a price and view a higher rate of inflation as a reasonable trade off for improving living standards and fewer out of work.

MIDDLE EAST 2
Claudia Wright

Can the Iraqis ever reach an accommodation with Iran?

The view from Baghdad

NOTHING IN THE Iran crisis is quite what it seems. Take, for example, the view from Baghdad. What appears crystal clear to Western observers of Iran is for Iraqis cast in Chiaroscuro. On the other hand, what appears to be a Byzantine puzzle in Washington or London is to the Iraqis straightforward and explicable.

Very few Arabs in the Gulf, and none of the Iraqi officials I have spoken to, believe that the Tabas raid was the limited rescue operation claimed by the Americans. It was hinted in Baghdad that officials knew of American preparations for the raid several days in advance, that there was a larger force than has so far been revealed, and that American aircraft had landed near Tabas one or two days before Washington has admitted. I was told that markings on some of the aircraft were Iranian, and 48 hours before the American press began reporting the details, that the American landing party included former Iranian officers, and was armed with chemical weapons for immobilizing crowds. Evidence for these disclosures could have come from Iraqi radio monitoring posts, from radar covering US aircraft movements in the Gulf of Oman, and from agents on the ground in Southern Iran, in the Tabas area, and in Tehran itself. They could also be inventions. Reports that the US may have advised several Gulf states, as well as the Soviet Union, in advance of the passage of the C-130s, were denied by several Iraqi ministers and two members of the Revolutionary Command Council.

One theory that appears to have considerable credibility among Arab observers is that the American operation was intended to provide military cover for an attempt, not only to rescue the embassy hostages but to neutralize the Islamic revolutionary guards and stimulate some form of coup by regular Iranian armed forces, either to support the civilian government of President Bani-Sadr, or to supplant it with a regime to restore Shahpour Bakhtiar to power.

Tehran has adopted the last hypothesis, too, and alleges Iraqi complicity with the Americans in the Tabas raid (as well as with the guerrillas who took control of the Iranian embassy in London). The rumour of a successful coup and assassination attempt against Saddam Hussein in Baghdad was launched on Sunday, 27 April, by Tehran, not because anyone at the Pars Newsagency expected it to be believed, but rather as a way of mocking what the Iranians consider to have been their foiling of the 'Iraqi-American' coup attempt.

IN BAGHDAD, there is a subtle difference of emphasis in official reactions to events in Iran. The overt, public line is that the Islamic revolutionaries have turned into 'the Shah with Turban', and should be overthrown. They are seen as a threat to the Arab states on the southern shore of the Gulf, as well as the cause of intolerable oppression for the Iranian minorities, particularly the Arabs of the southern province of Arabistan (Khuzestan is the Iranian name).

Statements by the clerics of the Revolutionary Council, by President Bani-Sadr in March, and by Mr Qotbzadeh, the Foreign Minister, during his visit to Syria and Kuwait last week, confirm the Arab view that Iran is expansionist and hostile. To counter this, and also to ensure that Iran does not disintegrate into embattled provincial and ethnic 'statelets', which Iraq does not want any more than Tehran, the Iraqis have supported Iranian groups apparently intent on restoring the Bakhtiar regime. Bakhtiar, I was told by one member of the RCC in Baghdad, is 'our friend'. He is contrasted to Iranians like Sadegh Qotbzadeh, whom the Iraqi government regards as an American agent. Iraqi security men claim to have uncovered evidence that the Iranians responsible for grenade attacks on the RCC member, Tariz Azziz and the Information Minister, Latif Nasayif Jasim, in Baghdad last month, were financed and armed from the US.

WHAT is clear to Iraq, but not quite the message of the Iraqi press, radio and television, is that an accommodation is possible with Khomeini, as well as with the civil authorities in Tehran, and that the sooner this can be accomplished, the less military penetration and political influence both the United States and the Soviet Union will achieve in the region.

The Iraqi Foreign Minister, Saddun Hammadi, told me that Bani-Sadr's comments on Bahrain and the Gulf Islands have been 'unfortunate'. He emphasised, however, that he anticipates that the present regime will survive its current difficulties, and stated that we 'don't support Bakhtiar or any other person'.

He looked forward to a negotiation with the Iranians on the border issues that remain a bone of contention because, according to Iraq, the government had been compelled in circumstances of weakness (in 1975, during the war with the Kurds) to agree to a line (down the middle of the Shatt-al-Arab river) which it still disputes. Hammadi added that 'We have no territorial claims in Iran. We do believe granting autonomy to the minorities of Iran is a good thing. We believe these minorities have rights.' The Baghdad Government's view is that, as Hammadi put it, 'The Iranian army still has influence and, in time, Iran will adjust and probably have ties to the United States'.

THIS IS THE awkward predicament facing Washington, which Cyrus Vance and the State Department understood somewhat less foggily than the White House or the Pentagon — how to recover the hostages without 'losing' a stable and cohesive Iran, potentially more friendly to the US than to the Soviet Union, and prevent their increasing influence in the region at Iran's and America's expense?

Baghdad's predicament is the complement of Washington's. Iraq regards the hostage situation in Tehran, as well as the fighting in Arabistan and the northern provinces, as serious stimuli for American intervention — the new Turkish base agreement, the mobilization of naval power in the Indian Ocean and now the Tabas raid all prove the point. At the same time, Iraq is equally concerned to restrain Soviet interference, independently of American actions as in Afghanistan, or in reaction to American moves. 'In general we believe,' Hammadi said, 'that the superpowers always try to outdo each other to expand the circle of their influence.'

How then will Baghdad restrain, as it believes it must, both Americans and Russians, while trying to play the interests of one against the other to prevent the chaos in Iran turning to either's advantage? There are no foolproof solutions when the two superpowers and the two regional ones are locked together in a calculus of moves and interests whose complexity would daunt Machiavelli himself.

Since it appears in no-one's interest, it is almost certain that there will be no war and nothing like invasion from either side of the Iraqi-Iranian border. Potshots, errant aerial navigation, and guerrilla incidents fall into another category, and are likely to continue to keep the situation extremely tense.

In such circumstances, the Iraqis know how to deal with the Iranians, to preserve the political status quo, or to keep the damage within mutually bearable limits. The truly irrational, and therefore most dangerous players in this game, however, seem in Baghdad's eye to be in Washington.

Baghdad

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London Diary

☐'To have had a hand in two revolutions' wrote Tom Paine towards the end of his days, 'is to have lived to some purpose.' To have humbled Hitler and staved off Stalin, as Marshal Tito managed to do in the space of ten years, is to have set a fairly high standard for the twentieth century. And when one recalls that he also distinguished himself in the wars of intervention and the civil war in Spain, it becomes obvious that obituarists need more than a common sense of proportion. Nothing could have been more pathetic and degrading, for instance, than Pipsqueak Levin's comparison of Tito with Franco in last week's *Times*. If nothing else, the response of the two populations makes the difference clear — there were no jokes among Yugoslavs at the gruesomely protracted deathbed scene.

Tito's funeral will be the last major gathering of those who fought in the partisan resistance. It would be memorable and splendid if a few acts of magnanimity could accompany the occasion. Milovan Djilas, whose personal respect for Tito is undimmed by his long years of antagonism to the old man, is still not allowed to publish and be heard in his own country. His own record as a resistance fighter, and as the chronicler of the revolution, is second to few. His rehabilitation would be a sign that Yugoslavia is not afraid of the past or the future.

☐Innocent men do not accept pardons, so it cannot be wrong to describe Richard Nixon as a self-confessed criminal. As such, he makes the perfect spokesman for the 'neo-hawk' tendency. The group of dingy reactionaries who sponsored his gala appearance last week are as happy as ever to pick their friends at the lower end of the market. I think they call it being 'tough-minded'. The NEW STATESMAN was not officially represented at any of the beanfeasts and briefings which the man attended (we have our scruples). But our spies are everywhere, and very dull reading their reports made. Nixon went through the usual litany of recent 'Western' reverses, for all the world as though they were nothing to do with his own policy. I never cease to marvel at the way some statesmen feel that we have 'lost' countries (Iran, Angola, Vietnam) which were never 'ours' in the first place. When events take their course, and new alignments emerge, we have to endure people like Nixon crawling around and talking about the 'stab in the back'. As the Chinese used to say, 'When the finger points at the moon, the idiot looks at the finger.'

☐The following is taken from Home Office circular No ES 8/1976, issued on a 'need to know' basis to chief executives of councils.

> When radiological conditions permitted movement, district and borough London controllers should assume that one of the priority tasks for their staff, in areas where survivors were to continue residing, would be to collect and cremate or inter human remains in mass graves.
>
> Once the initial clearance of corpses has been completed, there would still be a problem of several weeks, and perhaps months, of an above-average rate of dying from disease and radiation effects. Nevertheless, a return to the pre-attack formalities should be the objective in the longer term.

I should greatly like to know the name, the salary and the prospects of the humanoid who wrote that. The information, alas, is not contained in Edward Thompson's fine pamphlet *Protest and Survive* (available at 45p from 29 Great James Street, London WC1) from which I've borrowed the extract. But much else is contained in it, and anybody who trusts our government should be given a copy soon.

☐Here are two frisky ideas for income redistribution, which could bring justice on an international scale. Everybody is agreed that British aid for the reconstruction of Zimbabwe is paltry and mean, but everybody also feels that the national coffers are not at their best. Meanwhile, a grateful British Petroleum and Shell have heard that they will definitely not be prosecuted for their part in prolonging Smith's murderous war effort. Why should it not be calculated how much they made out of sanctions-busting? And why should not the whole sum, perhaps augmented by donations from the boards of directors, be donated to Zimbabwe with a handsome letter of apology?

Meanwhile, I see that James Cameron has got himself into trouble for suggesting that the Shah should be returned to Iran — a small price to pay for the release of the hostages and the normalisation of diplomacy. But obviously a lot of people are going to find this inhumane and disgusting. Still, if the Shah won't return his precious form, at least he could return his ill-gotten fortune. The *New Yorker* reported, at the time of his departure from Tehran, that he took with him the equivalent of the annual national income of India. That's not counting what he stashed in Switzerland, or what he has tied up in property and loot elsewhere. Why does Carter not make a gesture in this direction? The money belongs to Iran anyway, but its return might also go some way to extracting the poison from the atmosphere.

☐Political economy is not always so simple. I was being told at the weekend about the exertions of Oskar Lange, one of Poland's greatest post-war economists. Wrestling with the problem of planning, he made a hydraulic working model of what he conceived to be the Polish economy. The model was complex and expensive, with the volume of every pipe precisely calculated, and pressures carefully controlled. Alas for indicative planning, water kept finding outlets and pouring all over the floor of Lange's flat. Repair men were called time and again; the experiment went on. One day, after a particularly depressing seepage of fluid into the carpets, Lange left the economy to go on leaking, and didn't call the plumbers. When asked why not, he waved towards the mournfully dripping five year plan and said 'Perhaps that *is* the way it works'.

☐I went to a charming party the other day, to mark the publication of Fenner Brockway's book on the English Revolution (the last one, not the next one). *Britain's First Socialists* (Quartet £5.95) is an effort to complete the unfinished work of H. N. Brailsford, whose volume on *The Levellers in the English Revolution* is a standard text in spite of its incompleteness. Brailsford's widow Evamaria was present and warmly referred to by all speakers. Fenner himself looked as indestructible as usual, and made a vigorous speech without notes. Just looking at his personal bibliography is breathtaking — his first book came out in 1910 under the title of *Labour and Liberalism*. The stream of pamphlets, books and memoirs has been continuous ever since. I like the latest one very much; it avoids sentimentality and reminds us of some of our better traditions. It also reminded me of something I had forgotten — the highly combative newspaper of the Levellers was called *The Moderate*.

☐Accurate scholarship can
Unearth the whole offence

That at least was our hope in publishing the barely believable evidence of Pol Pot's hecatomb. But, however much archive material can be saved and processed, there will always be a penumbra of doubt. What, for instance, came over Khieu Samphan? A friend who lived in Cambodia up to the collapse of Lon Nol told me that many pro-government officers thought Khieu Samphan was dead. But if they were told he was alive, they cheered up. He, they thought, would not be at all a bad man to lose to. The files of his newspaper, which were available in Phnom Penh libraries, breathed good sense and reassurance from (almost) every page. Many people had known him, or were related to his family. Nothing could have prepared them for what followed. Another enigma is the present whereabouts (if alive) of Son Ngoc Thanh. A Khmer from Vietnam, he bought his own militia to the fight against Sihanouk and, later, the Khmer Rouge. High on the list of 'traitors', his death has never been confirmed. And some say that he is still living - and in Saigon. Accurate scholarship, in this hellish dearth of hard information, is even more tantalisingly difficult.

☐ The sheer creepiness of Merlyn Rees seems to own no human or natural limit. Deprived of the opportunity to fawn on policemen and bureaucrats as Home Secretary, he never misses a chance to outdo himself from the even less exalted shadow position. He was the only man the BBC could find to defend Whitelaw over the telephone tapping, and so made a complete ninny of himself at the hands of Robin Day. (Whitelaw, being actually in office, could not afford to take such a casual view of matters.) But on Monday night Rees really hit a new low. Invited to comment on the bold action of the SAS at the Iranian embassy, he gave conventional bipartisan support. Fair enough, even if his tone of voice does make Uriah Heep sound like Genghis Khan. But then, casting about for a line, he hit on a real cheap shot. He would, he assured the nation, be asking the Home Secretary why there were so many Iranians still in the country. I'm not a cartoonist but if I was I would be baffled. Exactly what animal does Merlyn Rees remind you of?

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐A marriage licence which would have to be renewed regularly — like the TV or dog licence — is proposed today. — *Daily Mail* (Victor Howlett)

☐President Carter's campaign to boycott the Olympics came under fire last night in King's Lynn. — *Eastern Evening News* (Tom Gordon)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Death of a princess

From Penelope Mortimer

The fracas over *Death of a Princess* has escalated to absurdity, and I am reluctant to add to it. However, I object to the possibility of being bracketed with Nicholas Winterton MP almost as much as I do to David Panning accusing me of using 'a careless and misleading phrase' (NS 25 April), and would therefore like to clarify my original statement that, with three exceptions, 'every interview and every character in the film is fabricated' (NS 18 April). As I told Mr Fanning when he called me, by 'fabricated' I meant manufactured or constructed; if I had meant invented or forged, I would have said so. I did not, as he says, confirm that I had been 'referring to the change of identity, not the source material'. I did confirm that I was referring to filmed 'interviews', specifically dated and located, which are in fact amalgamations of many different interviews, edited and relocated and attributed to fictional characters. Neither the producers nor ATV deny this. The film is billed, by them, as 'a dramatised documentary'.

Directors and writers should be free to expose the truth, regardless of political and economic convenience, and suggestions of Reithian censorship are deplorable. 'Exploring both subjective and objective truths', which is what Mr Fanning says was attempted in this film, is not quite the same thing, and perhaps legitimate only in fiction. If Mr Thomas and Mr Fanning had insisted less on the film's authenticity and more on its dramatic character — if, indeed, they had made a feature film, and no nonsense — none of the upsetting allegations could have been made. As it is, they are in the unfortunate position of being unable to refute the allegations or substantiate their 'evidence', except in the woolliest terms.

The Old Post Office, Chastleton, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos

Jesus's birthday

From Nicolas Walter

H. C. Mullin's letter (NS 2 May) is largely irrelevant to the historical questions about the birth of Jesus. Among the relevant facts are the following. There is no independent material about Jesus before the second century — that is, until a hundred years after his alleged birth.

There is actual chronological material about this in only two canonical Gospels. The material in *Matthew* refers only to Herod the Great; the material in *Luke* refers to Herod the Great, who died in 4 BC, and to the Roman governor Quirinius (Cyrenius) of Syria, who conducted a census in AD 6. There is no significance in the various claims that Quirinius may have held office at some other time or place, since Judaea (including the Davidic town of Bethlehem) wasn't absorbed into the Roman Empire until the deposition of Archelaus which occurred in AD 6.

There is no satisfactory way of avoiding the resulting gap, which only emerged several centuries afterwards. There is no doubt that early Christians tried to avoid such gaps by perpetrating 'pious frauds' (their phrase, not mine), which were exposed only several centuries afterwards. There is no doubt that most reputable Christian scholars now accept what non-Christians have been saying for several centuries — that the available evidence cannot determine when, or indeed whether, Jesus was born or died.

I am aware of the work of conservative scholars such as those mentioned by Mullin. He isn't aware of the factual mistake I did make, which is that Dionysius Exiguus calculated the Christian era not in the fifth but in the sixth century. My antipathy is not to Christianity in particular or to religion in general, but to the irrational identification of religious myth with historical or scientific fact.

Rationalist Press Association, 88 Islington High Street, London N1

Hag-ography

From Helen McNeil

Jeannette Kupfermann's long complaint about misrepresentation in my review of her *The MsTaken Body* (NS 11 April) served mainly to show just what I questioned about her arguments. Ms Kupfermann wrote that 'Myth,' with a capital 'M', such as the Myth of glamour, was 'part of a wider symbolic value system and as such warranted no value judgment'. This sounds like a useful *caveat* for culture-bound anthropology students beginning their field study, but it is an awesomely irresponsible assumption for anyone writing a work which purports to assess the role and nature of members of his or her own society. Symbolic value systems — or ideologies, as non-anthropologists would call them — manifestly do need to be judged, and judged with close attention, too — how else can citizens begin to act responsibly about what is good or bad in their own society? Evidently this simple truth does still need saying.

The MsTaken Body is a work of opinion, however modest, about a society of which its author and its readers are members. Ms Kupfermann is answerable for her opinions. Apparent neutrality on ideological issues amounts at best to acceptance of the status quo (e.g. 'moderate' feminism). In *The MsTaken Body* it more often expresses a nostalgic longing for the stability conferred by traditional society with 'its rigid separation of men and women and their roles . . . and the accompanying ritual'.

School of English and American Studies, University of East Anglia, Norwich

Workhouses on the way out?

From J. A. Meale

Francis Wheen is quite correct (NS 18 April) in pointing out the disgraceful situation surrounding the continued use of the Plawsworth Reception Centre. Unfortunately, he has not been able to fully emphasise the futility of such an establishment in rehabilitation terms. He was right to point out that such places provide little other than further long-term hardships for homeless persons through the stigmatisation effect, yet he failed to elaborate this point using the example of the men inside the spike not being allowed out of the compound. The reason for this is, in the words of a local of Knettlesworth Colliery village, 'We don't like that load of dossers up here. We give 'em short change.' This reply becomes even more cynical when one recalls that this mining community was chosen for the filming of the BBC's serialisation of Zola's *Germinal,* a moving tale of desperation and hardship in an underprivileged section of society.

What could perhaps also have been recalled is the fact that the centre hasn't always been confined simply to housing the homeless, but has been used by the department directly for referrals of certain sections of the unemployed (not uncommon on Co. Durham) who had in their works 'failed to maintain either their family or themselves.'

It is time such establishments were closed for good. The fallacy of helping 'destitute way-farers' by perpetuating their position is a sad excuse for not recognising one's responsibilities to others.

223 Rowan Place, Newton Aycliffe, Co. Durham

Learning to love Liu

From Jonathan Mirsky

R. P. Skinner is staggered by my 'nerve or ignorance' because I wrote Deng Xiaoping 'has been a Maoist all his life'. Skinner maintains that actually Deng fails to qualify (NS 2 May).

It strikes me that Skinner doesn't want 'his' Mao to be disturbed. If Deng or Liu Shaoqi disagreed with Mao at any point, he feels, then they can't have been Maoists. But, after all, who raised them to power? And what if it transpires, as I think it may, that Mao wanted to 'smash' Zhou Enlai and Zhu De, two hitherto pristine Maoists? Will they, too, go into Skinner's rubbish tip?

Is the 'real' Mao the civil war hero? The negotiator with the Nationalists? The disciple of the Russians? The splitter with the Russians? The ally of the Gang? Nixon's host? Vietnam's friend or enemy? And if the Cultural Revolution showed 'pure Maoist credentials' then perhaps Deng and Liu shouldn't automatically be condemned for trying to push it off course. Most of Mao's surviving comrades now call it a catastrophe.

24 Ladbroke Gardens, London W11

Arms and the world

From E. J. Griffiths

In 'End of the one-way alliance' (NS 2 May) Godfrey Hodgson, in an otherwise very sensible article, makes one surprising statement: 'For forty years now the American people have undertaken a large share of the burden of our defence. . . ' Really! If that is so, what have successive British governments been getting in return for the hundred of millions of pounds they have spent allegedly on 'our defence'? Of course, the truth is that the 'American people' — that is, their government — have simply used Britain, as, to use their term, an 'expendable' military base against the Soviet Union.

1a Park Road, Nailsworth, Glos

In a name?

From S. G. Dixon

Ralph Simmons (NS 25 April) writes about the geographical vagaries of the Post Office. Hereabouts, as you can see from my address, nothing ever changes. And yet, there is no such place as Middlesex. Half disappeared into the LCC in 1888 and the remainder into the GLC in 1963. Incidentally, as only Yorkshire-born men can play cricket for that county, what boundaries do the Yorkshire CCC now use?

7 Elm Grove, North Harrow, Middx

Belloc on bishops

From Richard Usborne

Shortly before his death I met Eddie Marsh for the first and only time. He recited to me some unpublished and perhaps still unpublishable verses by Hilaire Belloc about bishops. Alas, I can remember only the first two couplets:

The Bishop of Ely
has boys much too freely.
The Bishop of Durham
is said to prefer 'em. . .

There were about ten bishops in all, I think. Can anybody remind me of the verses about the others?

Fenton House, Windmill Hill, London NW3

India and writers

From Prabhu S. Guptara

Your readers may be interested to learn of a special issue of the *Journal of Indian Writing in English* on the theme of 'Contemporary Western Writing on India.' Poems and short stories with a significant Indian connection are invited for consideration, as are books for review and articles on the 'Indian' work of Western novelists, poets or playwrights.

Vine House, Whelford, Fairford, Glos

Literary delicacy

From Marion Lloyd

David Caute (*London Diary,* NS 18 April) writes of his sexual excitement at witnessing a scene in a film where a man 'about my age' rapes 'a young and lovely woman who is close to death from an overdose'. Our collective is currently seeking finance for a film in which a literary editor of middle years is stripped naked, covered in warm honey, and suspended by his genitalia from a chandelier; whereupon a swarm of bees flies in through the window. We think many women would find this sexually exciting and would pay good money at the box office to see it. Those interested in supporting such a venture should send cheques c/o the *New Statesman.*

The Agnes Varda Women's Collective, London N7

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

In motion

If ever I were (hold on to your hats) to write a novel, which God forbid as there are a number of gifted pens already assiduously at it and any offering of mine would be likely to be in the Instant Rejection class and would probably not even get further into the publishing hinterland of Messrs Hoggitt and Clopthorne than pitiless Miss Rackstraw in Reception, I should doubtless find the same difficulties as some other novelists do in moving my characters about from place to place. My heroine would be a problem from the start. 'Felicity Freeborn caught the 8.15 for Market Lopton and changed at Darlington' is hardly a sentence with sparkle to it or one that gives promise of a future appearance in paperback. On the other hand, if you just put 'On arrival at Market Lopton ...', readers are going to ask themselves how anybody as feeble as Felicity managed to get herself there, Titian hair, dimples, freckles, cerise two-piece and all. Even moving characters quite short distances (Boots to the Co-op) would prove for me to be quite a puzzle.

Constant reading of the works of Sapper provides more than one example of an easy style that must be the envy of many. In his *The Dinner Club* (twelve splendid yarns told by various club members and published in the early 1920s) and in the story called 'Sentence of Death', the doctor relates that when the hero, Jack Digby, who wants to marry but has ticker trouble and is given two years at the most, comes into his consulting room (Harley Street, natch) for the first time, 'I motioned him to a chair'. Look how simple that is! You just motion somebody and away they go! From a standing position, Jack Digby is all at once in a sitting position, even though he has shortly to jump up again (so bad for the heart) and remove, for examination purposes, his coat and shirt (which, while refreshing my memory, I have just managed to misread as 'skirt').

While admiring this smooth shuffling about of the dramatis personae, I have to confess that I don't tremendously care at any time for the word 'motion', either as a noun or a verb. 'Are you beginning to feel the motion?' kind friends used to enquire when the cross-Channel boat was a mere five hundred yards out of Dover and one had already turned bright green and was thinking of heading, with a loud 'excuse me', for the bulwarks. 'Have you had a motion?' Matron used to ask, an emergency mug of Gregory Powder at the ready, in the dorm, totally mystifying the less literary boys who said yes they had when it was sometimes no they hadn't. I am far from sure what a Time and Motion study is and for all I know it may be an enquiry into what should be a purely private affair, namely the frequency of visit and duration of time spent there by employees when making use of the lavatories. Let me hasten to exclude from these matters the word Motion when used as a surname. Indeed, and if memory serves, Queen Mary herself had at one time a Lady in Waiting called the Lady Elizabeth Motion ('The Lady Elizabeth Motion has left the Palace'), a name which here inspires total confidence as a smoothly gliding presence, generally modestly in the background but always ready when needed to dart forward and hold a handbag or pouch a posy or engage an equal in pleasurable chat (*'How* clever you've been with this house! I can remember Groyne when it was virtually a ruin').

Well then, another of Sapper's yarns, 'The Pipes of Death', begins dramatically with one of the club members, hand in the tobacco-jar to prepare us for clouds of smoke and pauses while 'he puffed thoughtfully for a few moments', saying boldly 'Any of you know Burma?', a question which, post-war, would find many sadly affirmative answers but which in 1920 was really quite something, few places being considered more outlandish. It turns out that at least two of the fellow members have been there (shooting tiger or planting tea or something equally reputable) and before we know where we are we find ourselves in 'the ruby mines in the Mandalay area', just as easily as that — Pall Mall one minute and flying fish, temple bells, native girls and the dawn coming up like thunder the next. That's the way to do it. Had my Felicity Freeborn been bound for Burma, I would first have sent her to the Berkeley Street Cook's for her ticket and thence to the Sloane Street Westminster Bank for her foreign currency ('With a puzzled little frown, Felicity tried to work out what £60 would come to in kyats'). How much more interesting to get her in a trice to that old Moulmein Pagoda of Kipling's and of which so many beefy baritones have sung (legs well apart and arms akimbo to indicate carefree manliness), with a view out to sea of 'the old Flotilla' proceeding along, apparently, with the aid of paddles, steam-driven ones, I assume, rather than those paddles in *Sanders of the River* that propelled Paul Robeson and that native-filled boat so speedily along (to shouts, when the film was shown in Oxford, of 'Well rowed, Balliol!')

But to return to motion as instanced in the concept of Perpetual Motion, those who recall, from their school days, a side-splitting joke to the effect that the phrase *pièce de résistance* was the French for constipation, should be able to do a similar bit of witty invention, of a converse nature, with Perpetual Motion (and, in poor taste as one's thoughts quite often are, I can never hear, from the musical comedy, *Véronique,* the hurrying, scampering, scurrying number which goes 'Trot here, trot there' without an instant visual image unintended by the lyricist). Nor have poets, even the best of them, been too careful about the words they use. The rightly revered Wordsworth wrote a poem, and in what some might think to have been a physically rather over-stimulated mood, called it 'She Was A Phantom of Delight'. Just in case you don't happen to have the poem at command, let me refresh you as to the phantom's qualifications — 'a perfect woman, nobly planned' with dusky hair, eyes like stars at twilight, fairy-footstepped, full of strength, foresight and skill and just made 'for transient sorrows, simple wiles, praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.' The poet also refers to 'her household motions light and free' — a handsome enough tribute to the generally smoothly functioning and healthy air that this 'lovely apparition' exudes and one to make the more sluggish of us envious in the extreme.

Only Freud would be capable of explaining why the word 'motion' goes so appallingly and obsessively to Wordsworth's head, or somewhere. He just cannot let the thing be. As there are nine references alone in the Oxford Book of Quotations (I'm speaking of the 1941 edition), heaven knows how many are to be found in the original poems (and I offer the idea as a dissertation possibility for an assiduous Eng. Lit. student). Some of the occasions on which the word is used are very ill-judged indeed. 'Everlasting motion', a very doubtful blessing, is referred to in 'The Prelude', and elsewhere we find 'eternal motion' (much the same thing, and nothing to encourage). Then there are 'sounds of undistinguishable motion', coupled with 'low breathings' and which, as all this is taking place 'among the solitary hills', gives an impression of hasty and unfortunate improvisations behind a gorse bush ('Ow!!'). As to the lady in 'A Slumber did My Spirit Seal', one's heart goes out to her in pity, for 'No motion has she now, no force.' Of the time when the poet allows the words motion and wind to occur in the very same sentence, I prefer not to speak.

When my novel appears, you won't find anybody motioning Felicity Freeborn either into or out of a chair, let alone anywhere else. Her motions in her Fulham bed-sitter will certainly be light and free as she flits from her gas-cooker ('Tugging open the oven door, Felicity saw with relief that her toad-in-the-hole was starting to rise') to her transistor ('Hooray! Good old '100 Best Tunes' again!'), but I shall refer to them, not as motions, but as movements, though I'm not sure that the word hasn't taken on, down the years, something of the meaning that motion has when it doesn't mean movement. If you follow me.

Roger Woddis

Contrariwise

'Jimmy Carter is not washed up.' — Guardian *leader.*
'Carter near the end of his tether.' — Guardian *headline.*

He isn't washed up, not our Jimmy,
He's close to the end of his rope;
He shines in the global arena,
He'd flop as a walk-on in *Soap.*

Abroad he is one with the eagle,
At home he is perched on a twig;
He leapt into battle with Cyrus,
He bowed in surrender to Zbig.

He's a winner secure in the White House,
He's a loser on Capitol Hill;
His commitment to freedom is total,
His stock with his allies is nil.

He's honest and brave and determined,
He seems to be losing his grip;
He's steering through dangerous waters,
He's lost his command of the ship.

He keeps a cool head in a crisis,
He cracks like a nut under stress;
In other words, Jimmy's a failure —
Or would you believe a success.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Jonathan Mirsky

Dripping Water and the Rock

Cold Nights by P. A. CHIN translated by Nathan K. Mao *Chinese University Press* £5.40

Fortress Besieged by CH'IEN CHUNG-SHU translated by Jeanne Kelly & Nathan K. Mao *Indiana University Press* £10.50

Literature of the People's Republic of China edited by Kai-Yu Hsu *Indiana University Press* £22.50

In June, 1968, Red Guards forced Ba Jin (Pa Chin) the author of *Cold Nights* to kneel on broken glass in Shanghai's People's Stadium. They wanted the 64-year-old novelist to confess that he and his works were counter-revolutionary. Ba Jin shouted out: 'You have your thoughts and I have mine. This is the fact, and you can't change it even if you kill me.'

During the same period, Qian Zhung-shu (Ch'ien Chung-shu) who wrote *Fortress Besieged* was said to have died, but he survived and, like Ba Jin, has been 'rehabilitated'. Like so many of the older generation of Leftist-writers both men have appeared in public amid excoriations of the Cultural Revolution and assurances that the current literary scene is 'excellent'.

Despite its present 'excellence' life has been no paradise for 20th-century Chinese artists and writers. Successors to a tradition which esteemed the literate and reserved for them most of its material favours, modern intellectuals helped to lead the struggle against imperialism and for modernisation. As in other countries, anti-imperialism and independence seem clear enough goals, but modernisation — the shaping of the new society, once free — was a dodgier proposition. With a very few exceptions, most writers placed themselves on the Left; through the Jiang Kai-shek period many suffered for their convictions, and some died.

Ba Jin, who is 76, has been a favourite with Chinese readers since 1930, the year when, oppressed by memories of his family's luxurious and exploitive life, he wrote *Family*. It is his great novel. In it he dissects and bludgeons the Confucian family for the damage it inflicted on its young, its women, and its servants. In 1947 he published *Cold Nights*, a stygian account of an office worker who slowly falls apart in Jiang Kai-shek's wartime capital, a sink-hole of defeatism and corruption.

Like many another veteran novelist, Ba Jin was hailed by the new People's Republic in 1949. Like many of the others, too, he occupied glamorous-sounding positions and travelled abroad, but never again wrote anything worth reading. In 1958 he incautiously wrote with compassion of Howard Fast who had just left the American Communist Party. This provoked years of discipline leading, in 1968, to the broken glass in the stadium.

Born in 1910, and with an Oxford degree, Qian Zhung-shu published *Fortress Besieged* in 1947, the same year as *Cold Nights*. Presented here in a sometimes incongruously folksy translation, his novel describes a number of intellectuals in a provincial university at the start of the Japanese invasion. Poseurs, frauds, or fifth-raters, everyone bobs along and occasionally sinks beneath the sewer which lapped about Jiang Kai-shek's regime.

Ba Jin's and Qian's novels require a good deal of interest in the Chinese scene for the Western reader to keep turning the pages. Peopled by predictable figures, unmistakeably representative of contemporary states of mind, the novels are sentimental, over-descriptive, and polemical. But in China they were dynamite, exploding in the tunnels bored by their authors under the tottering traditional edifice. Such works commanded great respect in Thirties China and, among the modern young, adulation. They found in them the legitimacy cultured Chinese had always sought in literature, to justify the status quo or, in the decades before 1949, to sanction revolution.

Literature, then, is taken seriously in China. The Cultural Revolution opened in 1965 with the proscription of an opera whose author, the deputy mayor of Beijing, was associated with Liu Shaoqi and Deng Xiaoping. When he fell, so did they, and when last year the opera was triumphantly restaged, everyone imagined the bad time to be truly over.

The ordeal of China's writers during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is hard to exaggerate. Kai-yu Hsu, editor of *Literature of the People's Republic of China*, says: 'As the Cultural Revolution crested, nearly all the major works selected in this volume were one by one swept aside and buried.' Since the volume is getting on for 1000 pages, and stretches from 1942 to 1978, the quantity of banned literature puts the Soviet Union in the shade.

Hsu's mighty reader, encompassing movie scripts, dialogues, stories, essays, operas, poems, and plays, divides its offerings into six frames, from the days when Mao, still in opposition, was formulating literary doctrine, through the Hundred Flowers and the Cultural Revolution, to the post-Gang 'returns and reversals'. Sixty specialists were corralled for the compendium and most of the translation is new. Accurate and faithful it only underlines, I'm afraid, the flat, desiccated quality of most officially inspired or authorised literature, which is only too easy to parody. I content myself with one example. (It is not a cheap shot: Kuo Mo-jo, as Hsu says, is 'the embodiment of the development of modern Chinese literature'.)

After the fall of the Gang, in the fresh new world of creativity, Kuo composed a poem: 'I Sing of the Third Plenum of the Central Committee of the Tenth Congress of the Chinese Communist Party.'

Perhaps the title is enough.

In 1957, K'ang Cho wrote a novel *Dripping Water Wears Away The Rock*, deliberately (I hope) taking off Party language during a spat between two lovers:

Seeing that Little Liu was making mistakes in farm work, Chi-chi criticized her for impatience; she then turned the tables on him and told him off for bad attitudes. Chi-chi then attacked her for not accepting criticism; she again retorted and charged that his criticism was not well-intentioned but an outright attack. Chi-chi held back for a moment, and began to point out the various technical mistakes she had made in grafting fruit trees . . . Terms he was in the habit of using, such as 'standpoint' and 'attitudes to life' slipped off his tongue . . .

But such dialogues were not what landed K'ang Cho in the mire, charged with 'distorting the image of Communist Party members'. It was his plain picture of a local Party big-wig who wants to marry a desirable widow. When she gives him the wet mitten he starts by blocking her entry to the Party and finishes by raping her. Despite her formal complaint, the Party Branch takes no action.

K'ang Cho was caught up in the first great drive against writers after the founding of the People's Republic, the 'Anti-Rightist Campaign' of the Fifties, which saw some of

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China's leading authors banished for two decades. On 16 January of this year, Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping, while admitting that some people were erroneously labelled Rightists in 1957, insisted: 'I want to mention in passing that the Anti-Rightist movement in 1957 was necessary and not erroneous.' Zhou Yang, the Party hack who orchestrated that campaign — against those who had poked their noses too far out during the Hundred Flowers — has recently recalled the Maoist literary concepts that fuelled the inquisition as 'the compass guiding our work'.

It is not puzzling, therefore, that the resurfaced survivors are careful to avoid recriminations, even when their rehabilitations are accompanied by full fanfares. First of all, because the Communist revolution had indeed swept away something all of them knew to be loathsome, for which they were grateful. Second, because ideological resentment in China is not, as in the West, a stimulating pastime.

The Party chivvying wayward authors into line reaches farther back than the Communist seizure of power in 1949. In 1942 at the Yanan forum on literature and art in Mao's wartime stronghold, besieged by Japanese and Guomindang armies, the Chairman promulgated a policy for writers and artists which is still potent today.

Acknowledging that the 'army is not enough, we must have a cultural army which is indispensable for unity in our own ranks and defeating the enemy', Mao Zedong declared his intention to 'severely criticise and repudiate all works of literature and art expressing views in opposition to the nation, to science, to the masses, and to the Communist Party.' Anyone who faltered was at best a 'termite', at worst, in effect, a Japanese collaborator.

Hsu's arrangement doesn't make following the subsequent targets for Criticism and Repudiation any easier. If you want to know what sorts of work were written during the Anti-Rightist movement, for instance, you will eventually discover them not under their dates of composition, but 400 pages later on, when their authors got hit by the Gang. Lao She and Tian Han died, and Xia Yan's health was ruined, for works they had published to great praise many years before. It was their 'smashing' in the mid-Sixties which prefigured the death of Liu Shaoqi and the disgrace of Deng Xiaoping.

But despite the Western image of Deng's China as 'moderate' and 'pragmatic', Mao's old ukase has been posted in Beijing today. Indeed, Deng Xiaoping and his newly appointed allies in the Standing Committee, Hu Yaobang and Zhao Ziyang, have been hammering away at intellectual disobedience since last Autumn when the dissident Wei Jingsheng went to prison for 15 years and Democracy Wall was shifted into oblivion.

The Central committee has recently announced that guarantees of free speech in China's Constitution will be expunged. 'We made a mistake there,' Deng Xiaoping conceded, on the short-lived encouragement of these rights after the Gang's fall in 1976. 'Taking the stand of the Party and the people,' the policy now holds, 'writers should enthusiastically praise . . . foster . . . improve . . . and encourage the masses . . . The dark aspects [on which they should not focus] are secondary, and eventually will be overcome by the Party and the people.'

Novels are now being written, the Chinese tell us, that 'throb with the pulse of our time'. Especially noted is *With Bolshevik Salute,* a story about a young cadre 'wrongly charged as a Rightist in the Anti-Rightists Campaign' (which, as we have seen, Deng Xiaoping has emphasised was *not* a mistake) who, despite 20 years of 'difficulties', still 'retained his faith in the party . . .'

Ai Qing, one of China's leading poets, who underwent in 1957 a 'smashing' described by Hsu as 'among the bitterest and most protracted ever launched by the Communists', was capable in 1954 of writing *The Atlantic,* containing such lines as:

> . . . Watching every traveller.
> As she lifts up one of her front legs,
> From her mouth comes a cryptic question
> Anyone unable to guess her riddle
> Will drop dead before her instantly.

As of 1978 he has learned to be more positive:

> Red flags, thousands upon thousands,
> Red waves upon the sea,
> Unfolding in front of us, always
> Leading us
> to dash towards communism.
> shouting victory cheers.

China's premier playwright, Cao Yu, who was contemptuously treated during the Cultural Revolution, was recently in London. When I asked him whether literary oppression was likely to recur, he fell silent — he is a very talkative man — and glanced over at his ever-present cadre, who assured me it could never happen again.

Anthony Arblaster

Busy Men

Life Chances by RALF DAHRENDORF
Weidenfeld £8.95

Where do good academics go when they die? The short answer is; to the top. They become vice-chancellors and college principals. They sit on committees and commissions, conduct enquiries and draft reports. They are ensnared within the outer ramifications of the state. Some are lured by what Richard Crossman, explaining his own departure from the ivory tower, once called the 'charm of politics'. They haunt the tearooms of Westminster or the corridors of Whitehall, Washington or Brussels. They may even be invited to give the Reith lectures but they seldom write books.

Much of this has happened, of course, to Ralf Dahrendorf, once a sociologist, but more recently an EEC commissioner, and since 1974 Director of the London School of Economics. Has he kept his hand in as a sociologist? The evidence of this present book, which is, as you might expect, a collection of lectures, notes, and articles, is not particularly encouraging. Nor was it reassuring to read his confession that 'so far as I am concerned, the time of comprehensive treatises is over' — this sounds too like the busy man's cop-out. On the other hand Dahrendorf does seem anxious to stress that this is an interim collection, and promises something larger to come. So perhaps the

Julian Rathbone
A LAST RESORT

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Guardian

Julian Rathbone is the author of **Joseph**, nominated for the Booker Prize in 1979.
£5.95

Michael Joseph

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charitable thing to do is to suspend judgment.

But Dahrendorf wants to have it both ways. He claims that the book is held together by 'the same set of questions' about life chances. On the other hand, and more defensively, he tells us that 'the author at least is pleased about the unsystematic character of this volume'. To be unsystematic may be a virtue, as Dahrendorf claims. To be repetitive and self-contradictory are not. Twice he cites Marx's famous aphorism about changing the world rather than merely interpreting it, in order to condemn it as 'substantially silly, politically dangerous,' and, for intellectuals, masochistic. *Life Chances*, he tells us, 'is not a political, but a theoretical book'. Heidegger's endorsement of Nazism is cited as an example of what can happen when philosophers abandon philosophy and dabble in politics.

Yet *Life Chances* is clearly a political work, and Dahrendorf admits as much. On the same page as his denunciation of Marx he describes his book as a 'tract which is concerned with the progress of liberty'. His highly suspect distinction between the 'theoretical' and the 'political' is not made any more plausible by his own total failure to observe it. In fact it is the political dimension which gives the book both its coherence and its interest. Dahrendorf is neither a sociologist, nor a social democrat, but neither is he a New Right enthusiast for capitalism. He is a liberal, and *Life Chances* is, at its best, an attempt to restate the liberal creed and adapt it to late 20th-century social realities.

The concept of life-chances, which Dahrendorf introduces with an immense amount of throat-clearing, is intended to replace an old liberal notion of individual opportunity with something more sophisticated. For beyond a certain point 'choices begin to lose their meaning because they take place in a social vacuum or . . . social desert'. Indeed, if openness is maximised certain desired goals may paradoxically become unattainable. People value relationships, ties, commitments, structures — those bonds which Dahrendorf re-christens 'ligatures'. So life-chances must take account of bonds or ties as well as opportunities.

Dahrendorf is in fact exploring the old problem of the relation between liberty and happiness, and grappling in particular with the notorious absence from liberalism of any belief in, or sense of, community or fraternity. These are issues which have been discussed repeatedly since at least John Stuart Mill. Yet apart from a brief section on Durkheim's notion of 'anomie', Dahrendorf shows little awareness of this tradition. And he is in the end too orthodox a liberal to make much headway with his concept of ligatures. The old bonds were all bondage. The enlargement of choice is an index of progress. Yet somehow new bonds, compatible with freedom, must be forged. He does not begin to tell us how. And at this state in the argument one feels he could profitably turn to a socialist writer like William Morris.

But Dahrendorf's view of socialism has clearly been shaped by the Cold War. Revolutions and utopianism lead to tyranny and 'terrorist equality'— whatever that is. Equality means drabness and the miseries of Eastern Europe. And the really conservative character of Dahrendorf's liberalism is momentarily revealed when he inveighs against 'extreme forms of progressive taxation' — surely he can't mean Britain? — and 'misguided notions of comprehensive schools'— apparently he does.

He is not insensitive to either the appeal or the achievements of social democracy: the welfare state has genuinely increased people's freedom. But in the end his position is a conservative one: equality has gone far enough, if not too far. In his view a considerable degree of inequality is a necessary condition of liberty or opportunity; one wonders, therefore, how wide a section of the population could possibly benefit from the kind of liberty to which he attaches the highest value.

Mark Todd

Silhouettes

The Boy Who Followed Ripley by PATRICIA HIGHSMITH *Heinemann* £6.50
Innocent Blood by P. D. JAMES *Faber* £5.95
The Sending by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD *Michael Joseph* £5.95
Castang's City by NICHOLAS FREELING *Heinemann* £5.95

What is it that the four books under review have in common? Suspense, horror and shock are elements in all, though only one approaches the conventional detective story, where the plot starts off with a crime and inexorably leads to the unmasking of the doer. The other three all create situations where a lone man or woman, animated by a special preoccupation or obsession, is silhouetted against an unconcerned world. And it is in these situations that the reader's attentions, and maybe sympathies, must be kindled. For it is here — however remotely — that our own experience is to be paralleled, and it is the provision of such parallels — in events that arouse suspense or horror — that constitutes the strength of the genre to which all these four novels can be said to belong.

A tense imagination, sympathetically enveloping its central figure, singles out *The Boy Who Followed Ripley,* the latest chapter in the life of the amoral, conscienceless but apparently indestructible Tom Ripley who has fascinated Patricia Highsmith for so long. In the novel, many of the incidents which most excite suspense turn out to be harmless — as when the boy whom Ripley is concealing in his French home waits in his room, hiding while an unexpected guest stays the night. The boy in question has arrived in France and — just as Ripley himself in *The Talented Mr Ripley* implicated himself in Dickie Greenleaf's life — has sought out Ripley and engages his attention — quite spectacularly, by claiming to have been deliberately responsible for the accident which recently killed his own father.

For once Ripley is not, at the outset at least, involved in murder himself, but impelled by a fascination with and desire to help the boy, and in this relationship the author's romantic fascination is caught up, its sexual implication not openly stated but hinted at in small details. American Gothic is transferred to the bland and antiseptic affluence of current-day Western Europe; the setting moves from France to Berlin, as in *Ripley's Game,* though the climax of the boy's mental fight to survive brings Ripley back to New England. Onl once, with sinister senile governess Susan, doe the novel overstep the mark into Hitchcockia *grande guignol.* For the rest, tension atmosphere and neurotic identification wit the character are compellingly held together.

In *Innocent Blood* the lack of such iden tification is a shortcoming. Attempting psychologically believable thriller is always risky business, the psychological detail ten ding to throw into relief the unlikeliness of th plot, and the necessary ramifications of th plot throwing up inconsistencies in th psychology. Thus, when the real mother of th central character, the adopted Philipp Palfrey, complains: 'Is what I did to you s much more difficult to forgive than what I di to that child?', one can only agree with her im plied criticism of events so far and to follow.

Encouraged by recent changes in the law Philippa has been able to trace her mother an discovers that, far from the romantic parent she had imagined for herself, they were a chil molester and a child murderer, and most o the book deals with her involvement with he mother after the discovery, coincidentally jus as her mother is due to leave prison.

There is much to enjoy in the book: th descriptions of the prison itself, the locales o Cricklewood and Lisson Grove, and the cor vincing world of the murdered child's fathe these are all sensitively detailed, and the up and downs of the father's search for th murderess — with, perhaps inevitably, sever scenes on the London Underground — ar restrained and gripping. Philippa's despera walk and later flight through the deserts c North Kensington are also haunting. But ha ing decided, at least temporarily, to leave h usual detective Adam Dalgliesh, P. D. Jam still cannot bring herself to a decision abo whether to abandon the genre in which sh established herself.

It is perhaps more surprising that the sen of compulsion achieved in Patric Highsmith's novel is also present in Geoffre Household's *The Sending* — surprisin because a tale involving witchcraft on worldwide scale by a hidden group, in whic one of the main characters is a polecat, wou hardly seem a candidate for convincing ide tification. While the whole story may b hokum, the very remoteness of the author ar his main character from normal human co cerns helps create a sense of belief and authe ticity. When the author's ideas are mo conventional — as in the scene of sexual relea in a woodland grove in Southern England they are least convincing. But the lonely ar horrifying search for revenge under the shado of the Pyrenees is magnificently powerful.

Compared to those of the other novels, th plot of Freeling's *Castang's City*, where Divisional Inspector in a French provincial ci and his colleagues eventually succeed in traci the murderer of the local deputy mayc contains little that is unlikely or far-fetche The culprit is eventually traced by a suggesti that the network of 'secret societies' should followed up — not literal secret societies in th case but the unofficial network of small grou into which ordinary people organise th private lives. An interesting idea, but it is us as an introduction to an unravelling which fact depends much more on chance a inspired guesswork, and not as a pervas theme. Inspector Castang and his wife a simple and wholesome compared to t selfish and pleasure-loving provincial Fren

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merchant-class and to the cast of the other three books, but this is not enough to bring any zest to the novel.

Style is not an abstract literary phenomenon but a window to the author's imagination — Patricia Highsmith's crystalline simplicity and eye for detail are a reflection of Ripley himself, and Geoffrey Household's rambling abruptness a very potent factor in his success, while P.D. James, though more self-consciously literary, always writes cleanly and scrupulously — and it is here that Nicholas Freeling fails, with his lack of crispness and corresponding openness to cliché.

Judy Cooke

Green Island

The Colonist by MICHAEL SCHMIDT *Muller* £5.95
Summer People by JANICE ELLIOTT *Hodder* £5.95
Life Before Man by MARGARET ATWOOD *Cape* £5.95
A Brother's Tale by STAN BARSTOW *Michael Joseph* £5.75

The poet Michael Schmidt was born in Mexico and makes it the setting for his first novel, a land of lost childhood recaptured with a grace and force that bring it instantly to life. We never learn the narrator's name; it is as if his identity has been bleached out by those first years in the sun. *The Colonist* is dominated by the Mexicans themselves, so often made the novelist's cyphers but here fully realised dramatic characters, upstaging gods and God.

A boy is sent to convalesce in a country mansion, provided with an English school and a paradise of a garden, visited by his wealthy parents only at weekends; like other children of his race and caste, he is wholly dependent on the humanity of servants. 'When I was born, she took me on.' For Dona Constanza he is the son she was denied. Chayo, the gardener's boy, is a companion of his own age; first pupil, then teacher, finally brother, loved to the point of obsession and lost.

The story explores the tension between northern will and southern sensibility. Chayo learns about books, good food, clean clothes; he climbs through the bedroom window each night to share a comfortable bed. In return he brings those realities that lie beyond the 'green island': a sense of injustice and fear, an understanding of the poverty and prostitution witnessed on midnight excursions to the little town. He becomes increasingly bitter, the narrator increasingly isolated, a gringo, an outsider. The friendship is made clandestine, the idyll overtaken by theft, bribery and murderous rage.

This is a book to celebrate, an exact and compassionate account of adolescence, a political allegory, a satire. (There are echoes of Forster's India in the gruesome good manners of bridge-playing Reverend Purse.) The prose is sinuous and melancholy, always forwarding the narrative, making every page a joy to read. A triumphant debut for a writer whose poetry has already won him acclaim.

Next, an enquiry into the health of post-permissive man and some of his social institutions, principally marriage. Can the species survive? Janice Elliott's *Summer People* offers a cautious optimism; surely her best work to date, the novel sparkles along, wise and witty and beautifully controlled. A group of families spend every summer by the sea, watching each other's careers and marriages change and grow. Or decay? Bea is suddenly afraid of the future and the separations it must bring; she and her husband have one son who is growing up fast, ready to leave home. Will they be able to adapt to this departure? Bea is concerned about lonely Jeannie Fisk and sexy Francise Fox, whose drinking problem is getting harder to ignore. Then there are her old, exasperating friends, the Willings. Merlyn is a secret novelist. His daughter Mercy is anorexic and a secret terrorist. His wife Erin is the earth mother to end all such 'like a Henry Moore that has stumped out of the exhibition'. Their dog redeems them, one Worthy, an engaging old chap who would play Flush to Bea's Mrs Ramsey, if novels colluded in that way.

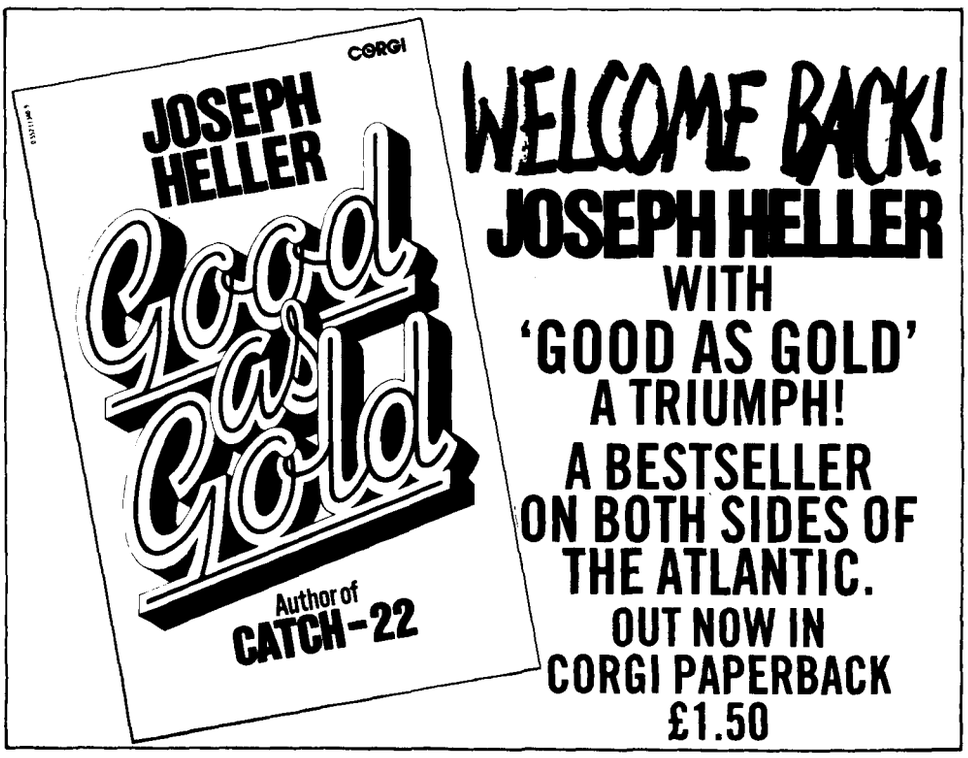
There *is* a lighthouse in this seascape but it is no longer manned. A wrecked oil tanker runs aground in a storm and pollutes the beach. What's more there is 'mercury in the shell-fish, strontium in the milk'. We are somewhere in the future, post 1984, near enough in time for the world to be struggling with such problems as 'the African civil war (the *second* war, blacks v blacks)'. Bea tries to hold the centre, reassures Erin, recovers oil-slicked seabirds and fights her own rising panic. The presentiments of Armaggedon come unnervingly close; there are packs of wild dogs, Honda warriors, a tribe of beach bums and one real, horrifying death. Some comfort remains in the irreducible evidence of past life, a bird's skeleton, a collection of fossils. Bea senses that for a season, at least, the old ways will suffice.

Life Before Man by the Canadian writer Margaret Atwood, is also concerned with evolution; it examines conditions in the post-Updike wasteland and speculates about the possibility of human emotion emerging there. A bleak, ironic book, it tells the story of three people, Lesje, Elizabeth and Nate; they live amid disaster — the novel begins in the aftermath of a suicide — desperately trying to make sense of their lives. The younger woman, Lesje, is a paleontologist, a bit of a fossil herself, really happy only when reconstructing the age of the dinosaurs. 'Men replace dinosaurs, true, in her head as in geological time; but thinking about men has become unrewarding.' She is restored by that ancient remedy, falling in love; the conclusion finds her somewhat complacently pregnant, getting her man.

Nate is the catch in question, an ex-lawyer turned toy maker who has stayed in an unhappy marriage for the sake of his children. His wife is the pivot of the novel, a woman who mourns her mother, sister and lover and is now in a state of despair. 'Sand runs through her glass body, from her head down to her feet. When it's all gone she'll be dead. Buried alive. Why wait.' Elizabeth's slow movement back from the abyss is carefully told; the family relationships woven through her story skilfully explain the present in terms of past experience. It is a candid, sometimes moving account of survival.

The protagonists in Stan Barstow's *A Brother's Tale* are chock-full of ambition (Bonny, the delinquent football star) and education (Gordon, the narrator, the married one, the teacher of creative writing). Bonny has always been Mum and Dad's favourite but Gordon sticks up for 'our kid' just the same, even throws in his way the sexy Eunice, the student whose grey-stockinged thighs so disturb him, the girl whose contribution to the writing class is an explicit, poetic description of cunnilingus. Makes you think, doesn't it?

Bonny's been responsible for causing suffering in the past, got a girl into trouble; now suspended from his club and driving a dusky-pink Jaguar, he parks himself on big brother, hides from journalists and mixes it between husband and wife. Eileen gets depressed, Gordon can't get it up, Bonny runs away; they drive, jointly and severally, round Derbyshire at night but nothing is resolved. 'What was to become of us . . . How were we to be saved?' Well, this is it.



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David Caute

Sartre 2: What is Literature?

ART, SARTRE COMMENTED in 1950, is a permanent revolution. Yet the political and aesthetic revolutions appeared to be deadlocked in mutual distrust: whereas the communist movement demanded a traditional, 'realist' and conservative aesthetic, the artistic avant-garde had abandoned itself to an introverted rejection of the outer world. Elitist and disdainful of the masses, art had become an end in itself. Sartre regarded Picasso as the very image of this contradiction: although a friend of the Communist Party, his work was condemned by the Soviets and greedily purchased by rich Americans. The communists thus resembled a boa constrictor suffering an acute bout of nausea: Picasso was a cow it could neither swallow nor vomit up.

Sartre regarded the essence of art as transcendence — by which he did not mean escape or evasion. He endorsed Malraux's view that 'All creation is at its origin the *struggle* between a form in power and an imitated form.' Stalinist art, by contrast, demanded a sterile imitation, a servile reproduction of official values — operas, oratorios and cantatas whose function was religious rather than imaginative.

The imagination is subversive because of its negative dimension, its restless destruction of reality. The creation of an image — an activity that Sartre regarded as inherent in art — aims for an absent or nonexistent object by analogical representation of the object aimed at. The exercise of the imagination is simultaneously an affirmation of freedom and a 'stepping back' from reality in order to create a new reality.

But what new reality? Here Sartre identified the moral tension confronting the artist. To employ a word so alien to his thought as 'moral' is a way of pointing out that Sartre's concept of freedom was a double-decker bus: on the ground floor we are free whether we like it or not; climb the stairs and you'll find some passengers hiding from their ontological freedom, immobilised by bad faith, throwing their tickets out of the window, pretending to be invisible participants in a non-existent journey. Thus, confronted by the choices presented by the Germany occupation, a Frenchman could either resist, or collaborate — or just retreat into passivity. According to the mental phenomenology of *Being and Nothingness* (1943), these two means of escaping from the anguish at the heart of freedom consist in assuming the identity of a Being-for-Others, by adopting the most safe and convenient form demanded of us by a powerful and threatening world, or, alternatively, in pretending that we are a Being-in-Itself, complete, self-contained and immune from claims made upon us.

The truly free man — hence the truly free artist — meets the challenge of his Being-for-Others; he faces up to the journey on both decks of the bus. This brings us to Sartre's insistence, powerfully argued in his *What is Literature?* (1948), that it is the writer's duty, his mission, to dispel inertia, ignorance, prejudice and false emotion while refusing to place himself at the service of any temporal power, dogma or mystification. A tall order! Literature emerges as a secondary form of action, action by disclosure.

Sartre's dim view of modern French literature was consistent with his analysis of the mutual distrust separating the political and artistic avant-gardes. Having acted as the bad conscience of the nobility during the 18th century, the French writer had come perilously close to serving as the good conscience of the bourgeoisie during the 19th. Writers had either taken refuge in spurious aesthetic 'revolt', in symbolism or surrealism, or they had come to terms with a bourgeois audience as in the case of Mauriac, Romains, Maurois and Duhamel.

Art for art's sake, then, is depicted as a diversionary manoeuvre patronised by a bourgeoisie who preferred to hear themselves denounced as philistines rather than as exploiters. This theme is cunningly unravelled in the early short story, *The Childhood of a Leader*. When the hesitant bourgeois adolescent, Lucien, falls in with a surrealist who chatters about Rimbaud while pursuing a bohemian existence, the boy's entrepreneurial family offers no objection. In a desperate effort to discover his own identity, Lucien embraces anti-semitic chauvinism; in the final paragraph he is found gazing at himself in a mirror with no finer project than the cultivation of a moustache.

IF SARTRE DESPISED narcissism, he was nevertheless fully alive to the senses: smells, contours and colours constantly force their way through the abstract geometry of his pages. He was an only child: an incestuous relationship with a sister remained a persistent fantasy echoed in *The Flies* (Orestes and Electra), in *Roads to Freedom* (Boris and Ivich) and later in *Altona* (Frantz and Leni) — though it is only in the last play that the couple do anything about it. 'What attracted me was not so much the temptation of love as the prohibition against it.' This distinction glitters more than it convinces.

Simone de Beavoir reported that she had chosen him above other male students because he was 'the ugliest, the dirtiest'. (A chain-smoker all his life, he used to allow his lycée pupils to smoke in class.) Despite his physical shortcomings he became, no less than Camus, *un homme couvert de femmes*. Women play a crucial role in his novels and plays: coldly sensual, intelligent and aggressive, they clamp their men in a goading scorn; desire fuels freedom only to extinguish it. Sartre later described himself as 'surrounded by people, but they are women':

> my relations with women have always been the best because sexual relations, properly speaking, allow for the objective and subjective to be given together more easily. Relations with a woman, even if one is not sleeping with her—but if one has or if one could have—are richer... With a woman the whole of one is present.

Like Shaw, Sartre delighted in reversing the traditional active-passive dichotomy associated with the sexes. Erupting out of her subordinate role, or moulding it as an instrument of domination, woman becomes metaphor for freedom. As playwrights Shaw and Sartre both capitalised on paradox. I *The Flies* Orestes is hesitant and Electra th passionate rebel until the brother reveals h identity and his murderous purpose to th sister, whereupon she shrinks in horror fror the consequences. More generally, Sartre wa a master cartographer of the landscape of eva sion, the flight from responsibility — witne Franz Gerlach in *Altona*, hidden in an attic fc 13 years, surrounded by crabs, chocola medals, Wagnerian dreams and a portrait c Hitler at which he hurls plates.

AT FIRST INSPECTION the style and stru ture of the novels and plays may seem surpri ingly conventional for so iconoclastic a author. Characters are coherent, language a cessible, action and development encompass within well-worn dramatic tradition Whereas the modernist movement, broadly i terpreted, locates meaning within the ar

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biguities of language and literary form, Sartre regarded words as the servants of thought. Even *Nausea*, whose hero feels crushed by the enveloping world, by sensations of absurdity and nausea — 'to exist is simply *to be there*' — is a novel easy to read. It required no bold leap to adapt *Roads to Freedom* for television. All over the world boulevard audiences have found their inherited sense of form unviolated by *In Camera, Men Without Shadows, Dirty Hands* and *Altona.*

Structurally, the main interest of the novels resides in the author's refusal to be God. Attacking Francois Mauriac, Sartre argued that the novelist can be either witness or accomplice to his characters, but never both. To alternate a character as subject and object is to rob both the character and the reader of freedom. A novel should be an 'action related from various points of view' — in this respect he greatly admired Dos Passos and Faulkner.

Yet the opposite is true. If Mauriac tells us one minute what Thérèse felt and the next what others felt about Thérèse, he merely reminds us that Thérèse does indeed have no life outside of Mauriac's head. This was Brecht's point: the writer must alienate the spectator from the action and characters by drawing attention to the play, the performance, as an artefact. But Sartre remained unconvinced:

> I saw Brecht three or four times in a political context, but we never had a chance to discuss the theatre. I admire Brecht's plays very much, but I think that what Brecht said about them is not always true. His theory of Alienation is one thing: the actual relationship between the public and the characters is another.

Indeed scenes such as the final chalk circle test of authentic motherhood (*The Caucasian Chalk Circle)* were 'extremely moving in the most classical tradition of the theatre...despite all Brecht's efforts.'

In *What is Literature?* Sartre advanced the argument that whereas poetry is an end in itself, prose is significative; he further declared his dislike for 'poetic' prose which strives for obscure, harmonic effects and vague, evocative implications. It's true, of course, that 'everyday' language is more readily accessible to us. But clean prose is not an open road along which ideas pass unhindered and undistorted. Words are not conveyor belts for pre-verbal concepts; to embark upon a well-made play, the *pièce bien faite,* is to commit oneself in advance to a view-of-the-world.

In practice Sartre often reacted to the work of modernist writers and painters with excitement and sympathy. Even their pessimism was no barrier *(Nausea,* after all, scarcely generates euphoria) provided that the artist's vision was authentic rather than a curtsey to fashion and fame. (Sartre loathed loftiness, pretension, the aspiration to write for immortality.) It was in this spirit that he wrote an eloquent tribute to Giacometti, whose figures conveyed the hopeless anguish and solitude of men unable to cope with their freedom. Even so, Sartre's embrace has always resembled strangulation. In celebrating Genet's life of art and crime, he completely obliterated him. Giacometti's figures are congratulated for being 'the artist himself producing his small packet of nothingness', while Nathalie Sarraute is saluted for her 'protoplasmic vision' of the inner life. 'Roll away the stone of the commonplace' and what does she reveal? 'Slobberings, mucous; hesitant, amoeba-like movements...' Still, who would one rather be strangled by?

During the last 30 years of his life Sartre abandoned the novel entirely. Criticism now subsumed all his powers, although he regarded his exquisite autobiographical miniature, *Words,* as 'a kind of novel...a novel that I believe in.' His interest in theatre was more enduring, although in this domain, too, his creative work slowed to a trickle: the theatre's power to externalise the lives of the spectators, its presentation of the *eidos* of daily existence at the level of myth, endowed it with a richness lacking in the novel. The wash of history was so loud that the 'stepping back' of the imagination, the space in which fiction is invented, was no longer possible. Alternatively, the call of science became so strong that the imagination was compelled to work on real personages (Flaubert, for example).

He grew rich. He could travel anywhere with anyone whenever he felt like it. He used to carry round up to £1,000 in bank notes: 'I like having my money on me... I know it makes me look like a big shot to pull out a fat bundle... And yet I am not a big shot.' He was famous for giving money away and refused to feel guilty about what he earned and what he gave. 'I never gave money to rub out a mistake...'

(To follow: III *Force of Circumstances;* **IV.** *The Good & the Great)*

Among this week's contributors:

JONATHAN MIRSKY is a historian who writes frequently on Chinese affairs.

ANTHONY ARBLASTER is a Lecturer in Politics at Sheffield University and author of *Academic Freedom.*

JUDY COOKE teaches in the Extra-Mural Department of London University. She is the author of a number of short stories and the novel, *New Road.*

ANNE BERESFORD's fifth collection of verse, *Songs a Thracian Taught Me,* will be published by Marion Boyars in September this year.

Andrew Motion

Veils and Veins

Summer Palaces by PETER SCUPHAM *Oxford* £3
The Venetian Vespers by ANTHONY HECHT *Oxford* £3.95
Sibyls and Others by RUTH FAINLIGHT *Hutchinson* £5.95

'Tell Arnold Bennett', wrote Lawrence in December 1915, 'that all rules of construction hold good only for novels that are copies of other novels. A book which is not a copy of other books has its own construction, and what he calls faults, he being an old imitator, is what I call characteristics.' To disparage Peter Scupham's poetry for its extreme elaboration and rigid formality would deserve a similar response. These 'faults' are 'characteristics'. Interestingly, though, this isn't because he makes radical departures from the English tradition, but because he deliberately and persistently distils it. The settings of his poems (usually an unruffled Edwardian-looking countryside), their subjects (often other writers and/or their work), and the referential qualities of his language have always served this purpose. They do in his interesting new collection as well. Its title, *Summer Palaces,* is a phrase from Eliot's 'Journey of the Magi' and the book teems with submerged quotations, ranging from Shakespeare to Rupert Brooke. The effect is not simply to create an intensely literary, artificial impression, but one of complex, knotty conservatism. Scupham plays the role of 'old imitator' with a vengeance.

His aim, invariably, is to track down what he calls 'that elusive and most ancient of minor deities, Genius Loci, the spirit of place'. Apparently he doesn't encounter much difficulty. On one occasion he hears some doves talking 'a language of otherness', but they are

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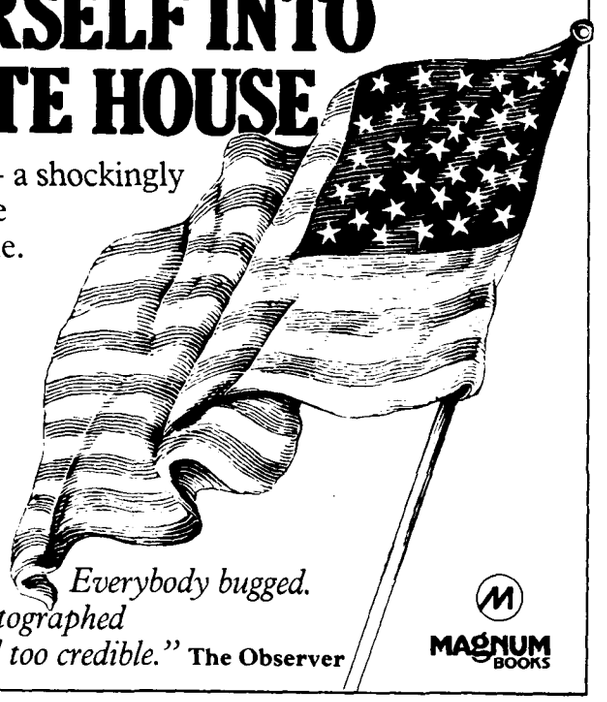

"Washington setting . . . Everybody bugged. Obscene old senators photographed with bewitching girls. All too credible." **The Observer**

MAGNUM BOOKS

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the exception proving the rule that, as it is described in his work, the natural world is obligingly self-revealing. Or at least, this is what he wants the rule to be, and from time to time persuades himself it is:

Earth over earth: here is the reliquary
Closed on a wheel chipped from the children's cart.
The talismans are scattered in the courses
By which light answered them

When secrets were kept and the maze threaded,
The garden spoke with its one feeling voice
Through flowers which denied their own corrosions
And had no need for names.

As the book develops — it is in effect an extended sequence — this kind of confident epiphany becomes increasingly difficult to achieve and maintain. The obvious reason is that Scupham allows his knowledge of mortality to assume realistic proportions, and inhibit his desire to celebrate. But his allusiveness and cautious stopping rhythms also play an important part. They restrain any fluent lyrical impulses, deny the possibility of expansive cadences, and break his poems down into highly-polished fragments. *Mots justes* jostle against *mots justes:*

The florets picked and pressed,
Ichabod: the glory is departed.
Here are their oiled silks,

Interleaf of veils and veins,
The crinkled waters fixed
Against our transience.

Under such conditions, Genius Loci can be glimpsed only fleetingly, if at all, and Scupham — as well as his readers — experiences considerable frustration. This is corroborated by the fact that when earthly rewards diminish he shifts the area of his interest to the sky. 'Enactments cloud the air' in 'The Site', solids are 'a space for air' in 'The Box', and in 'The Beach' 'Hands build an airy house of meetings, partings,/Over a confluence of the elements'. He knows better than to over-indulge this ethereal imprecision. It may be an answer to the problem of how to escape the costive rigours of his style, but it involves making too many sacrifices. People, for instance, hardly get a look in — let alone most details of contemporary urban life. So after each flight he comes elegantly down to earth, and continues his search there. As always, his intention is to yolk together beauty and fear, and as always these things are too deeply immersed in the intricacies of his expression to move very far.

Compared to Anthony Hecht's poems, Scupham's look relatively athletic. *The Venetian Vespers* is thoroughly and grandly static Painterly, yes, and beautifully observed. But static. Hecht of course knows this, and repeatedly seeks to justify it. In the dedication poem he suggests that pain and grief are his book's main concerns, but whenever they show any strong signs of becoming so, they are smothered with stylishness. Usually, this is effected by his suffocatingly opulent descriptions. The title poem, after conjuring up 'Blown shawls of rain' in Saint Mark's Square, explains their function:

To give one's whole attention to such a sight
Is a sort of blessedness. No room is left
For antecedence, inference, nuance.
One escapes from the anguish of this world
Into the refuge of the present tense.

If Hecht were simply attentive, ther mightn't be much to complain about. But th fact that he's excessive has damaging con

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Anne Beresford

Songs a Thracian Taught Me

The Thracians lamented birth because of the hard life which awaited the newly born. They rejoiced at death and believed they could communicate with the gods. Every five years they chose by lot one among them to send as emissary to Zaimoxis to tell him of their needs. They sent the messenger thus: several soldiers seized him by the arms and legs, several other soldiers stood with spears upright, the messenger was rocked in the air and cast upon the spears. If he died the god was favourable to them. If he lived the messenger was considered an evil man and another messenger was chosen.

They played a game akin to Russian roulette: a warrior stood on a stone with his head through a hangman's noose, holding in his hand his sword. The stone would be kicked away and the game was to cut the rope before it tightened round his neck. Sometimes he was not quick enough and died. The onlookers thought this extremely amusing.

Birth

Put on the mask
the lips perfect
the eyes hollow

This is the hard time
And the metal must be beaten
into a shape which weeps

Communication

To memorise
words
to be sent
by messenger
to a place
no messenger living
could be sent

To dispatch
a messenger
on spears —
skilfully welded —
held high
for the messenger
to float down on
onwards to another city

To tell the departed
the words
memorised
to describe how
painful
the struggle
to place the feet
on the path
of the living

Love Song Of The Thracian Horseman

I will throw you
only the chicken breast
and the largest crusts
from the whitest bread

You shall drink the best
wine from my cup
your lips on
the imprint of mine

I will give you
seventeen gold beads
each one a flower
on a gold chain

I will give you
some bracelets
yellow snakes to coil
lovingly over your arms

I will hand you
my sharpest spear
that you may impale me
on our love

You are my wild
golden maned horse
I shall gallop you
miles into the night

Roulette

Destiny is
a tightening rope
swinging between
air and air

Psalm Of Death

Rejoice dearly beloved
we are gathered together
in the passage of time
to become jewels
wrought on a living scythe

The Gift

Speak now
of the golden horses
swifter
than the wind—
beautiful
the sound of their hooves
on
the ever changing ridge of light

Gold
captured in the light
of
changing winds —
uncontrollable
plunging of fierce breath
no hand
trembling can hold
such power

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sequences. For one thing, it prevents him handling narrative effectively. In his long poems 'The Short End', and in 'The Venetian Vespers' itself, details of plot are dumped embarrassingly between large expanses of rhetoric. For another, its calculation robs it — and the anguish it replaces — of authenticity. And most seriously, his baroque extravagance turns all that it comprehends into an extended cliché. Everything becomes banal because everything is treated with the same profligate zest:

In all the rancid, tannic, mustard tones,
Mud colors, lignum grays and mottled rocks,
The only visible relief she found
Was the plush red velvet of the sumac spikes
And the slick, vinyl, Stygian, anthracite
Blackness of water in a drainage ditch.

Hecht's sensuality is utterly unlike Keats's. Instead of encouraging us to reflect more deeply by making us think on our pulses, it offers itself as a refuge. Ruth Fainlight's poetry stays well clear of this danger, but its comparative simplicity creates others of a different sort. The first half of *Sibyls and Others* is an impressively ambitious attempt to explore the role of women 'as seers and prophets' — and linguistic vitality is frequently sacrificed in the interests of argumentative advancement. The historical and contextual details of prophecy are limited to smoke, bayleaves, quaking rocks, and so on, and as her analysis draws to close, conclusions are delivered with a reductive baldness. The disadvantage of being a sibyl, she says, is having 'absolutely no command over your life' — but the apparent advantages don't look too hot either:

how useful you can be to others; and how lucky
if rather than burning or stoning, they protect you,
feed you, and let the simple folk praise you,
keep you safe as a caged bird —
and call you a sibyl.

Themes of imprisonment and frustration also loom large in the book's second part. So do the same problems. Although a sympathetic and considerable personality is always in evidence, it seldom assumes a very arresting poetic form.

Richard Murphy

Visiting Hour

How can I comfort you? What can I say?
You seem so far away, though near me now,
Sedated in that iron bed
Behind a curtain I'm afraid to draw:
With languished head
Propped on a pillow, mute and weak.
Would it be better not to speak?

Do you remember the day
We drifted west of Cleggan Bay
In the slack of tide, a fish on every hook:
The crossed lines and the lost
Leads, and seagulls scrawling around the mast
That listed while waves yeasted over a rock:
The gutted pollock gasping on our deck?

At least your poetry will stay unblurred.
Stuck with needles in this ward,
Your peasant shoulders to support your feet,
You lie and fret. Work incomplete.
Lines in your throat. And this is you,
Who put flesh into words that can't renew
The force you spent on making them ring true.

Simon Blow

Gentleman's Reflections

Faces in My Time by ANTHONY POWELL
Heinemann £8.50

At the close of the second volume of Anthony Powell's memoirs, *To Keep the Ball Rolling,* Powell had published his first three novels; at the opening of this new volume he continues to work part-time for the publisher, Duckworth's. The major event of the early chapters is his marriage; Eton and Oxford friends are less in his life than formerly as he tries his hand in the more lucrative Grub Street of scriptwriting. This existence has its hazards but Powell's setbacks are well concealed beneath his now highly developed restrained narrative manner.

After working alongside Rattigan in Warner Bros, Powell went out to Hollywood but no work turned up. Powell did not despair unduly over this glamorous trap busy devouring budding talents. He looked on the scene with ironic humour, although one remembered event was a meeting with Scott Fitzgerald — hard at it recouping lost finances — who told him that his books would never be read in England. After a trip to Mexico the Powells returned home, where war, sooner or later, began to seem certain.

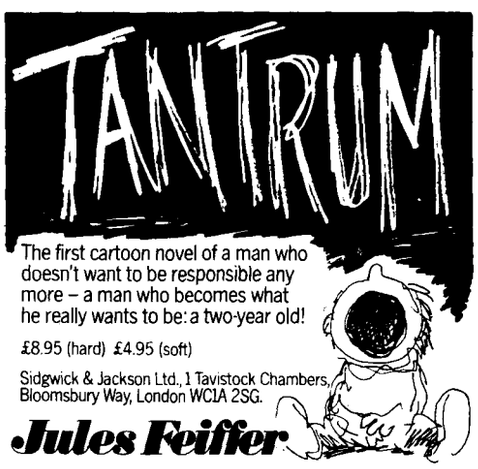
What's Become of Waring, Powell's fifth novel, was published early in 1939, and when war broke Powell joined the Welsh Regiment. Part of the training took place in Wales, which Powell was afterwards to transpose into *The Valley of Bones.* Later he was posted to Military Intelligence in Whitehall, and Powell covers factually much of the ground he treated fictionally in *The Military Philosophers.* But whereas in fiction Powell is able to tease officialdom, when reminiscing he gives it a respect that deadens. His character portraits have a hollow echo too, and his account has none of the humorous warmth and melancholy that inhabit the war trilogy of *The Music of Time.* In that one remark of Stringham's, 'Awfully chic to be killed', there is more of the war than in these pallid, rekindled events.

How, though, can a writer of Powell's sensibilities make the telling of his life such a dull matter? Of course it is a drawback to have already written a version of it in *A Dance to the Music of Time.* Often, for a fuller description of event or character, we are referred back to the corresponding novel while the narrative is delivered in the abbreviated tongue of retired colonels. A wartime instructor is 'a charming old boy with a V.C.', and Powell's best man for his wedding, 'an old friend, reliable for such an occasion'.

Fear of stepping out of line is evident also in Powell's attitude towards sexual behaviour. Powell's views on homosexuality remain those of the entrenched heterosexual. In a story passed on to him by Dylan Thomas, Powell tells of two lesbians making love on a bed under which Thomas had collapsed in a drunken stupor. When Thomas awoke he heard, as Powell puts it, the lesbians 'still unable to realise their mutual passion, conveying an awful sense of unremitting yet fruitless human exertion'. Thomas was no prig and, unless some explicit remark was overheard, I wonder how Powell can assume that their passion was unrealised.

But Powell is far more sympathetic, because reserve and convention are dropped, when discussing the problems of writing fiction — or 'creative fantasy' as he has called it. Towards the end of the present volume he gives an explanation of his decision to embark on *The Music of Time.* The explanation is of interest since it shows how some writing talents were stimulated by the crisis of war and others not. Powell was one who found his energies cut short by the gathering menace of the late Thirties and, when war came, his inspiration ran dry. Unlike other non-political writers such as Elizabeth Bowen, Henry Green and William Sansom, whose imaginations were braced by the crisis, Powell had nothing to say. It took until the late Forties for Powell's inventive faculties to recover, but the freshness of invention that had inspired the early novels had gone. Thus the idea that germinated with *A Question of Upbringing* he planned to span over a number of volumes at least. The result we know, and it has won him wide admiration, but it is also arguable that the war killed off a talent which many have missed.

It is sad that there should be such a noticeable falling away in Powell's memoirs, and one looks for what the reason can be. Twenty-five years of writing *The Music of Time* proved an exhausting exercise. The revelations on life that came to Proust did not come to Powell, and although he dislikes the comparison, I suspect that at the outset he hoped they might. Proust developed his eccentric vision that led to hitherto unrealised conclusions by remaining an outsider; and perhaps as a homosexual and partly Jewish, he had much that enabled him to resist the threat of conformity. But Powell has determinedly remained a gentleman, and a gentleman's life has become his smokescreen against revealing a complex character. But it is a smokescreen that is confining his memoirs, just as it prevented *The Music of Time* from being the life-changing monument it ought to be.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April Books

The following is a selection of books published during April and received by the NEW STATESMAN. Inclusion in this list does not preclude the possibility of a future review.

Art, Architecture & Design

BERYL COOK **Private View** *John Murray* £5.50. Her second collection, with foreword by Edward Lucie-Smith.

VLADIMIR DENKSTEIN **Hollar: Drawings** *Orbis* £15. Over one hundred drawings with an account of Hollar's life and work.

LARISSA DUKELSKAYA (Ed.) **The Hermitage: English Art 16th to 19th Century** *Collet's* £27.50. 237 colour plates and 117 black-and-white plates of paintings, sculpture, prints and drawings in the Hermitage collection.

TOM HOPKINSON **Treasures of the Royal Photographic Society 1839-1919** *Heinemann* £15 until 31 August. Large format book including 178 pages of black-and-white illustration.

CHLOE OBOLENSKY (Ed.) **The Russian Empire: A Portrait in Photographs** *Cape* £9.95. Nearly 500 photographs of life in imperial Russia, with an introduction by May Hayward.

JOHN PATERSON **Architecture and the Microprocessor** *John Wiley* £13.80. An illustrated study of the effect of the microprocessor on architectural practice.

MAX RAPHAEL **Proudhon Marx Picasso** *Lawrence & Wishart* £8.50. Essays originally published in France in 1933.

MEYER SCHAPIRO **Late Antique, Early Christian and Medieval Art** *Chatto* £20. Volume three of his selected papers with black-and-white illustrations.

DAVID WATKINS **The Rise of Architectural History** *Architectural Press* £8.95. A study of the study of the history of architecture, from the 17th century to the present.

SIMON WATNEY **English Post-Impressionism** *Studio Vista* £30. A fully illustrated presentation.

Autobiography & Biography

ARNOLD BENNETT **Sketches for Autobiography** *Allen & Unwin* £7.95. Thirty-five articles, edited and introduced by James Hepburn.

ELAINE DUNDY **Finch, Bloody Finch** *Michael Joseph* £8.50. Illustrated biography.

CLIVE JAMES **Unreliable Memoirs** *Cape* £5.50. 'A thinly disguised novel' about Clive James's own early life.

GERALD MCKNIGHT **The Scandal of Syrie Maugham** *W. H. Allen* £6.95. An examination of why Somerset Maugham attacked his wife so viciously in his memoirs.

FRANK E. MANUEL **A Portrait of Isaac Newton** *Muller* £11.95. A detailed biographical study.

VED MEHTA **Mamaji** *Oxford* £6.95. The story of the author's mother who was brought up in an orthodox Hindu family.

TED MORGAN **Somerset Maugham** *Cape* £8.95. Comprehensive, annotated, illustrated biography.

PERCY M. YOUNG **Sir George Grove** *Macmillan* £12.50. Illustrated biography of the author of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians.*

Drama, Cinema & Music

PETER BARKWORTH **About Acting** *Secker* £6.95 & £2.95. Aspects of acting presented in short reflections.

JAMES GLENNON **Understanding Music** *Macmillan* £7.95 & £4.95. A comprehensive, illustrated introduction to many branches of music.

DEREK JEWELL **The Popular Voice** *Deutsch* £7.95. A record of the jazz, rock and pop music of the Fifties and Sixties.

LINDA KELLY **The Kemble Era** *Bodley Head* £8.50. A look at John Philip Kemble, Sarah Siddons and the London stage of the period.

History

FENNER BROCKWAY **Britain's First Socialists** *Quartet* £5.95. A study of the Levellers, Agitators and Diggers, with a foreword by Tony Benn.

JOHN GRIGG **1943: The Victory That Never Was** *Eyre Methuen* £7.95. An examination of the reasons for delaying the opening of the Second Front to 1944.

MIRIAM KOCHAN **Prisoners of England** *Macmillan* £15. The story of German PoWs in England's PoW camps from 1939 till 1948.

ANTHONY SNODGRASS **Archaic Greece: The Age of Experiment** *Dent* £10.95. An archaeologist's reconstruction of life in pre-Classical Greece, with illustrations.

GORAN THERBORN **What Does the Ruling Class Do When It Rules?** *NLB* £4.50. 'State apparatuses and state power under feudalism, capitalism and socialism.'

JAMES TRAGER **The People's Chronology** *Heinemann* £12.50. A reference work of over a thousand pages providing 'a year-by-year record of human events from pre-history to the present.'

PHILIP WARNER **Invasion Road** *Cassell* £7.95. An analysis of invasion generally, its reasons and methods, with a look back over Britain's history in this respect.

Literary Criticism & Poetry

ROSEMARY ASHTON **The German Idea** *Cambridge* £14.50. Four English writers and the reception of German thought 1800-1860.

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS **House of the Prophet** *Weidenfeld* £5.95. Eighteen literary essays, portraits and critical appraisals.

ROBERT BARNARD **A Talent to Deceive** *Collins* £5.95. An appreciation of Agatha Christie with substantial bibliographical appendices.

PATRICIA BEER **Selected Poems** *Hutchinson* £5.95. A selection from both already published and new work.

ADRIAN HENRI **From the Loveless Motel** *Cape* £2.50. Latest collection from the Liverpool poet.

F. P. LOCK **The Politics of Gulliver's Travels** *Oxford* £7.50. An interpretation of the book as an indictment of the whole of European history.

V. S. PRITCHETT **The Tale Bearers** *Chatto* £6.50. Essays on English, American and other writers.

JOHN TULLOCH **Chekhov: A Structuralist Study** *Macmillan* £15. A sociologist's analysis of Chekhov's life and work.

ANDREI VOZNESENSKY **Nostalgia for the Present** *Oxford* £3.50. The Russian poet's first major collection since *Antiwords* published 10 years ago.

IAN WATT **Conrad in the 19th Century** *Chatto* £10.50. Account of Conrad's literary development up to 1900; second volume to follow.

Politics & Current Affairs

ROBERT CONQUEST **We & They** *Temple Smith* £12.50. His exposition of the difference between 'civic' and 'despotic' cultures.

JOE MCCARNEY **The Real World of Ideology** *Harvester* £12.50. A re-examination of what ideology is and should be in the Marxist tradition.

VELJKO MICUNOVIC **Moscow Diary** *Chatto* £12.50. The thoughts and observations of the Yugoslav ambassador to Russia in the mid-Fifties.

THOMAS POWERS **The Man Who Kept Secrets** *Weidenfeld* £10. About Richard Helms and the CIA.

FRANK SNEPP **Decent Interval** *Allen Lane* £8.95. The American debacle in Vietnam and the fall of Saigon.

ROGER WILLIAMS **The Nuclear Power Decisio** *Croom Helm* £19.95. British policies in conne tion with nuclear power 1953-1978.

Social Issues & Philosophy

PETER J. S. DUNNETT **The Decline of the Britis Motor Industry** *Croom Helm* £10.50. A study the industry since 1945.

HYWEL FRANCIS & DAVID SMITH **The Fed** *Lawren & Wishart* £12.95. A history of South Wal miners in the 20th century.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY MEDIA GROUP **More B News** *Routledge* £17.50. Volume two of the study of television news coverage.

RICHARD HODDER-WILLIAMS **The Politics of the U Supreme Court** *Allen & Unwin* £10.95 & £4.9 An introduction to the Supreme Court as stitution and as political force.

GORDON JOHNSTON **Which Way Out of the Me Room?** *Tantivy Press* £6.50. A study of 'optio for the male homosexual'.

SUZANNE LOWRY **The Guilt Cage** *Elm Tree* £6.95. look at housewives after a 'decade of liberation'

J. R. LUCAS **On Justice** *Oxford* £10. Discussion the concept of justice.

GEORG LUKACS **The Ontology of Social Being Labour** *Merlin* £6. Originally written as a chap of a larger work on ontology.

MYRES S. MCDOUGAL et al **Human Rights and Wo Public Order** *Yale* £28.40. A thousand pages 'the basic policies of an international law human dignity'.

JERRY MANDER **Four Arguments for the Elimi tion of Television** *Harvester* £12.50. advertising man argues that television is a defin social evil.

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JOANNA BUNKER ROHRBAUGH **Women: Psycholog Puzzle** *Harvester* £10.50. A psychologist's look the issues raised by the women's movement in light of recent research into female experience.

MICHAEL PETER SMITH **The City and Social The** *Blackwell* £12 & £3.95. A discussion of the vi of six major theorists from Freud to Sennett relation to the role of the city.

GORAN THERBORN **Science, Class and Society** £5.75. 'On the formation of sociology historical materialism.'

Miscellaneous

IAN BOTHAM **On Cricket** *Cassell* £4.95. An lustrated manual for those who want to play ter cricket.

ARNOLD C. BRACKMAN **The Luck of Nineveh** *Methuen* £6.95. The story of the rediscovery Nineveh and of Austin Henry Layard who fo it.

IVAN DOIG **This House of Sky** *Sidgwick* £7 'Landscapes of a Western mind.'

DAVE HARKER **One for the Money** *Hutchir Educational* £7.95 & £3.50. Politics and pop song since the second world war.

CHRISTOPHER MCINTOSH **The Rosy Cross Unv** *Aquarian Press Ltd* £5.95. A history of Ros cianism.

JAMES RIORDAN **Soviet Sport** *Blackwell* £9.95. A lustrated analysis of the USSR sporting syste background to Olympics.

JOHN WHALE (Ed.) **The Pope from Po** *Fount/Collins* £1.50. Contributions assessin present Pope's work and role.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

A Slice of Cake

JOHN COLEMAN pays tribute to the work of Alfred Hitchcock and reviews new releases

American Gigolo (X) *Plaza*
Hussy (X) *Prince Charles*

'Knife . . . *knife* . . . KNIFE,' overheard at breakfast. A sniper alert for a clash of cymbals at the Albert Hall. A zany election speech by an innocent on the run. A nun in high heels. A malevolent housekeeper. A tennis match, one head in the crowd unmoving. Telephoto lens wielded by a laid-up photographer. Feet of a corpse seen in autumnal woods. Bodies scrambling on presidential faces at Mount Rushmore. Mutilation and death in a shower. A few years ago, I began an article in another place with these words, adding: 'Less than five out of ten, and the reader should leave the page'. Someone suggested at the time that such confidence in filmgoers' memories was perhaps unwarranted; and had any other director in the world been at issue I too might have felt this quiz-master's approach wrong-headed.

But Alfred Hitchcock (the prefatory 'Sir' is somehow too recent to come easily), who died earlier last week at the age of 80, was and will surely remain a supremely special case, the man who knew above all how to make a notion, an image stick. In a working career that spanned over half a century and produced 53 films, this unique craftsman of the cinema rarely failed — even in his unhappiest ventures — to hit us where we lived or, more accurately, where we sat and fantasised.

He had a quote for every occasion, every interviewer, and this is one of my favourites — 'For me the cinema is not a slice of life, but a slice of cake'. There is the breezy implication here that the thrillers — *Strangers on a Train, Rear Window, Psycho,* and so many others — for which he will be most fondly remembered were thrown off with a flick of the wrist, whereas we know in fact that he was the arch-planner, leaving nothing to chance or last-minute improvisation, going on set with each piece of the jigsaw, each shot or camera set-up firmly in mind beforehand. This is just Hitch being heavily impish. But he was serious and right about the 'slice of life'. It is not merely that, regarded dispassionately after the event, his movies display glaring implausibilities (an example at random might be that baleful crop-dusting plane swooping down on Cary Grant in *North by Northwest* when a banal bullet would have been cheaper and more efficient) and slippery psychology. It is rather that he positively delighted in seeing how much he could make us swallow, in his degree of manipulation: 'I always say logic is dull'. *Rear Window,* by common consent, is the finest example of his enlistment of our sympathies on behalf of a fairly tacky character, of his establishing us as no better than we ought to be: hooked *voyeurs* all.

Critics have subdivided his work a dozen different ways; and, after a *Cahiers du Cinéma* article and the Chabrol-Rohmer book of 1957, one has never been allowed to forget the importance of his Roman Catholic upbringing. (Personally, I find it extremely hard to discern any moral purpose whatsoever in his entire *oeuvre*.)

To me, the simplest and the most useful demarcation line falls between his British and his American movies. It is (or was) fashionable to take sides here — and I admit to preferring his 1934 *The Man Who Knew Too Much* to the Hollywood version of the 1950s, if only because the first is seedier, more earthed in its locales, as close — dare one say it? — to 'life' as Hitch was likely to get. Certainly some of his best films were made with the greater technical and even professional skills available in the States; and yet there is an undeniable touristic look to the locations chosen. That Hitch, ever faithful to *The Times,* never losing his suety London accent, should return to the mother-country in 1971 and turn out the wildly anachronistic *Frenzy*, suggests he himself was locked emotionally on a long-gone and British reality.

Which brings us round again to the shifty core of his achievement. In essence, it was to amuse, to titillate and — at its peak moments — utterly to disconcert. His well-documented private pleasure in macabre practical jokes, often less than funny, as well as his repeated filmic recourse to taking a cool, groomed blonde and dishevelling her or worse, found their perfect, hugely unsettling juncture in Janet Leigh's murder in *Psycho.* There was always the possibility that the relatively good-humoured thrills of *The Lady Vanishes* or the what-do-we-do-with-the-body comedy of *The Trouble with Harry* (the most English of his American films) would give way to the ghoulish perversity of a long-drawn-out killing in *Torn Curtain* (supposedly a 'demonstration' of how difficult it was to kill in 'real' life) or the 'necessary' breaking of a corpse's rigidified fingers in *Frenzy*. It is sometimes as if Hitch had been working on himself as well, as if he were impelled to see how far he could or would go.

Perhaps too much of this, though. And there seems little virtue in labouring the point that, for some at least, the years after *Psycho* showed a falling-off in his talent. Think of the films clued in my opening paragraph: *Blackmail* (the first British talkie, converted in mid-stream), *The Man Who Knew Too Much, The 39 Steps, The Lady Vanishes, Rebecca, Strangers on a Train, Rear Window, The Trouble with Harry, North by Northwest* and *Psycho.*

These alone constitute a formidable minor canon in their own right. Nor should one forget that Alfred Hitchcock was the first director-as-star (Chaplin, of course, but he played a central role in all of his films except two), capable of selling a movie on the strength of his name on the posters. He was never averse to self-promotion and one regrets there will be no more occasions to spot-the-director in those celebrated, fleeting appearances — towing a toy dog, having his hat yanked over his eyes by a refractory tot, in a newspaper photo in *Lifeboat* — that invariably signed his works. And there was a part-mischievous, part-obliging side that effectively muddied the waters of criticism and is agreeable to reflect on: to British, American and French, he would amiably assent to contradictory proposals. Let the enigma that was the man remain: the best of his films may safely be left to posterity.

Paul Schrader is another enigma but a thoroughly American one, obsessed with guns, the author of a book on Ozu, Bresson and Dreyer called *Transcendental Style,* scriptwriter on *Taxi Driver,* and writer-director of the interesting *Blue Collar* and the unpleasantly salacious *Hard Core.* In *American Gigolo* (his titles are nothing if not self-explanatory), his preoccupation with bought sex is again to the fore. Richard Gere is Julian, a handsome, hirable lady's companion, with some knowledge of five or six languages, ready to act as guide, chauffeur, interpreter and stud in that filthy-wealthy stretch of California that embraces such choice items of geography and real estate as Malibu Beach, Bel Air, Palm Springs and the Beverly Hills Hotel.

His stud-fees he has been splitting 50-50 with his older mentor Anne (Nina Van Pallandt), until two things happen: he does a 'favour' for black Leon, and for money, which finds him invited by a husband to make kinky love to his wife while hubby watches — the woman is later discovered raped, beaten, handcuffed and dead, and Julian becomes prime suspect; meanwhile, Michelle (Lauren Hutton), unfulfilled wife of a senator, falls for him, offering to pay, and he — grudgingly — starts feeling something for her. Schrader mostly handles the glossy, amoral, idle and sex-hungry world of the rich very persuasively, even if one has reservations about Julian's glib justification of his social function. There is also a stand-out performance by Hector Elizondo in the well-written part of another of Schrader's now *piano*, now *forte* police detectives.

Then a disappointing predictability sets in, culminating in an upbeat last line that is a direct echo of the closing words of Bresson's *Pickpocket,* and one realises what Schrader has been up to intermittently throughout (as when the camera lingers on the gigolo's lovingly laid-out ties and shirts): making a movie like they do in Europe and, what's more, now and then like Bresson does. The result is a mess, and a sentimental one at that.

Hussy, the latest and least of three Don Boyd productions currently running in London, has the admirable Helen Mirren as a night club hostess who goes home with the customers, a useful young American actor John Shea as the fellow of equivocal morals that *she* falls for and, for an early sequence or two, a plausible, coarse-tongued naturalism as the hostesses swap experiences. After that, it's gangsterish nonsense and another happy finale.

Should you go, stay rather for a documentary short, *Box On*, about the grey underbelly of alternative pugilism.

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Not Starving the Heart

PHILIP SCHLESINGER reports on 'Bread and Roses', a rally organised by the TUC under the auspices of its Campaign for Economic and Social Advance

THE CULTURAL FACE of British trade unionism is a highly stylised one. If we think about it at all, then it is usually in terms of brass bands, banners held aloft and workers' education. Yet this image, although certainly grounded in common experience, can actually be quite misleading. The TUC's rally, *Bread and Roses,* held last week at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, offered some striking evidence of the breadth of cultural activity which the labour movement can put on display, if it so chooses.

Bread and Roses, billed as 'a defence of education and the arts', offered an unprecedented blend of political speeches and entertainment. The title, imported from America by Clive Jenkins, one of the event's compères, comes from a piece of not terribly inspired doggerel by the US unionist James Oppenheim, a line of which reads: 'Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses!' If not the poetry, then at least the sentiments are impeccable. They were enlarged upon by Len Murray, the TUC's General Secretary, who decried the present round of spending cuts, and observed: 'Degrade the quality of education and you degrade the quality of life.' He continued: 'We may not make ourselves into a nation of part-time poets and artists. We can be a nation of people who are receptive to the work of painters and players, authors and actors.'

THE RALLY was, in effect, a variety show in which political addresses were interlaced with various forms of popular entertainment, the bulk of which was of a highly professional standard. The speechifying took the heavily ritualised form of first affirming the generous humanism of the labour movement and then of denouncing the shrunken, mean-spirited vistas of Thatcherism. There was, however, little effort to outline a programme of radical change for the arts and education. First into the fray was the actress Prunella Scales who denounced cuts in grants to theatres, the trimming of BBC drama, and the doubling of VAT on theatre seats. 'Why', she demanded, 'should our children only see Shakespeare on the back of a £20 note?' Sir Alex Smith, director of Manchester Polytechnic, sounded suspiciously like an elder of the kirk when, following John Knox, he expounded the view that 'To make us know our duty and do it' is the central purpose of education. On this count, he said, the present government had certainly failed. Trevor Phillips, former NUS president, suggested that 'This government is doing for culture what Attila the Hun did for Central European architecture.' He went on to attack especially the financial barriers erected against overseas students. There was an oratorical *tour de force* from Neil Kinnock, Labour's shadow education spokesman, who poured scorn upon those who would 'worship the religion of inequality'. He called for the 'extermination of institutions which perpetuate inequality and the disparities of feckless inheritance.'

This was all good stirring stuff. And the audience, composed predominantly of middle-aged union nominees, plainly enjoyed such scourging of the demons presently in possession of the state. Yet, if the speeches were partisan, most of the other performances were not. They included popular ballads, music from a steel band, poetry, and a scene from Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband.* A vein of political satire was provided by John Wells and William Rushton. Wells delighted the audience with his portrayal of Dennis Thatcher, glass in hand, and instant *Daily Telegraph*-ese dripping from his lips. Among many brilliant one-liners was the memorable observation that 'Jim Prior is as much use as a one-legged man at an arse-kicking party'. Rushton, who acted as one of the show's linkmen, considered that given the Tories' defence policy 'There's some hope left for our profession. We can all join ENSA.'

However, music, rather than satire, dominated the proceedings, and the most notable performances came from *The Blues Band* and George Melly. *The Blues Band,* which has been going for about a year, is energetically led by Paul Jones, who, as all Sixties nostalgics will recall, was in *Manfred Mann.* The audience was quite overpowered by the *Band*'s sound — to such an extent that a sizeable exodus of frailer souls could be observed. A nice closing number offered in tribute to our leader was *I ain't gonna work on Maggie's Farm no more.*

But the high point was achieved by George Melly, who, together with *John Chilton's Feetwarmers,* worked his well-established, but always fresh, routine. Here, one felt for the first time a surge of rapport between audience and stage as Melly sauntered, capered, camped up and sat his way through *Let's Do It, Downhearted Blues, Ain't Misbehavin',* and the rest. Ineluctably, the evening ended in a minute scrutiny of what Melly's grandmother so decorously called 'a gentleman's arrangements'. But then Melly always does grope for the parts that other bards never reach.

THE MOUNTING OF *Bread and Roses* must be judged a significant departure in the cultural politics of the British labour movement. Above all, it has shown that the TUC can provide a genuinely entertaining and politically relevant experience for its members by itself acting as an impresario. Furthermore, by achieving such far-reaching cooperation from Equity and the Musicians' Union, and from individual artists prepared to give of their time and talents, the TUC has made good its claim not to occupy a cultural ghetto.

But some questions remain unanswered. For one, will the rally merely be a warm afterglow in the memories of those who took part, or will it provide a launching-pad for a further set of imaginative initiatives? Unfortunately, it did seem as though the organisers had precious little view of where the TUC's cultural initiatives might go next. In part, this lack of vision came over in the way in whi the news conference preceding the rally w used as an occasion for setting up PR photo but not at all as a means for driving hor specific TUC policies on cultural matters. O wondered, for instance, why some of the fa reaching recommendations offered by t TUC's *Consultative Document on the A* were not reiterated.

It would be regrettable if the more conve tional forms of protest of next week's Day Action were allowed to eclipse the innovat stance represented by *Bread and Roses.* F the rally could be a prototype for subseque events linked to national or regional ca paigns. And the potential surely exists for t TUC, together with the Labour Party, to in their own right as organisers and sponso of an annual arts festival. Here is at least c way of going beyond the purely commerc provision of culture which they continually moan.

Art

John Spurling

Criticism Concrete

Marcel Broodthaers 1924-76 *Tate*
Michael Leonard *Fischer Fine Art*

What would you do if you were an uns cessful Belgian poet, aged 40? Be bookdealer, make a film, take photograp guide tours round museums? Marcel Bro thaers had, by 1964, tried them all and 'wondered whether I could not sell someth and succeed in life'. The career he settled when 'the idea of inventing something sincere finally crossed my mind' and wh supported him with increasing success for remaining twelve years of his life, was criticism. It was not, of course, your run the-mill, literary art-criticism, but someth much more modish and marketable: criticism in the form of art. Broodth showed objects — sometimes, indeed, put complete 'museum' displays — which pa satirised, partly called attention to the wh business of looking at art-objects, especiall a museum context.

The method he chose — there is no evide that he had much visual sense or manual c terity — was to assemble ready-made obj and point them up with more-or-less w labels. Thus, to take the simplest exampl the Tate's Retrospective, the grand pillars . porting Lord Duveen's central octagon labelled 'L'Entrée d'une exposition'. But is a late work, dated 1974. The earlier wor more domesic and less sophisticated: a vi bow with a horsehair tail and painted mu shells attached (labelled 'Societé Philharm que'); a spade painted with roots; a frying- containing a lion's head plaque instead o omelette; various black, fossilised-loo assemblages made out of mussel-shells, or without heavy iron casseroles, or egg-sh

In c. 1968 (can that 'c.' be a Tate joke? 'made' a Campbell's Soup Tin after War except that Broodthaers's was an actual s tin. By 1973 he was showing neat pile

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blank canvases and the series of nine *Petrus Paulus Rubens* canvases, inscribed with the master's name and the description of some item of his subject-matter, as 'Women', 'Carpets', 'Clouds', 'Jewels', and so on (not an original idea, since Balzac and his friends used to write inscriptions evoking Old Master paintings as well as tapestries, Venetian glass and rare wainscotting on the walls of his house at Jardies).

Broodthaers's criticism, in other words, developed roughly speaking from an interest in Magritte and Surrealism through Pop Art (commonplace objects transformed into art-objects) to a final phase concerned with the general concept of museum-display. The largest exhibit at the Tate, apart from Lord Duveen's pillars, is the cutaway interior of a room, made of unpainted plywood and composition, but complete with radiators, fireplace and windows. All over the surfaces are written words in black paint suggesting various aspects of a visit to an art-gallery: perspective, figures, landscape, colour, canvas, vision, sun, shadow, nude, flesh, dealer, price, etc. Nearby an automatic projector runs through endless random details from a badly-painted marine painting, as if some meaning might be extracted from closer examination.

The flaw in all this, if one takes it seriously, is that it is both visually unexciting and critically inadequate. It confines itself to generalities, seeing a clumsy marine picture or a set of postcards in the same light as a Rubens, addressing itself not to what makes art remarkable, but to what makes it tedious and pretentious. It is a tourist's-eye-view of culture, a philosophy for aching feet. But why take it seriously? The saving element is Broodthaers's whimsical sense of humour — his closed suitcase with 'Une Vipère' written in green letters on the lid, his pile of coal sporting the Belgian flag, his egg-shell assemblage below the painted word 'Moules' with the label 'L'Erreur 1965'. The whole thing is surely Broodthaers's posthumous joke at the Tate's expense, unless one can assume (which Michael Compton's po-faced catalogue essay hardly allows, though the old-fashioned glass display-cases and the labelling perhaps do) that the Tate is deliberately playing the man with egg on his face.

Michael Leonard, whose portrait of Mrs Thatcher as Joan of Arc appeared on the cover of a recent *Sunday Times* Magazine, was trained and first worked as an illustrator. As a painter he is still happier with line than colour, taking all kinds of flamboyant compositional risks while restricting himself to subdued, dusty tonalities of mostly blue and brown. He works from photographs instead of sketches and, since his last one-man show three years ago, has enormously extended the range of his subject-matter. Then he dealt with carefully posed figures against backgrounds (essentially a portrait-painter's art; he is very skilled at likenesses) and with various articles of discarded clothing, seen almost surrealistically, as if floating or swimming like underwater creatures. Now, starting from photographs of scaffolders at work, he has begun to put his human figures through the same sort of flowing contortions as those discarded clothes, without abandoning their photographic accuracy. Arms, legs, torsos, heads are intertwined with one another and framed or underlined by the scaffolding with cool virtuosity. One could almost believe that the painter had only to open and close his eye like the camera to transfer his impression to canvas. Of course it isn't so. The photographs supply elements of the composition, but not the whole, which is painstakingly arrived at — as the working collages on display show — through many syntheses and modifications.

The new subject-matter has also given Leonard a new level of meaning. The scaffolding, with only slight adjustments to its placing, suggests the equipment for a martyrdom or a battle; the figures, with no adjustment at all, suggest — their spanners hanging from their belts like daggers, their poles borne like spears, their torsos stripped for action — Renaissance soldiers or torturers. Only the victim is missing, but a series of drawings of a man energetically undressing supplies him too. And like the figures in Renaissance paintings, the camera/painter catches these frozen in a moment of action, unconscious in doing what they are paid to do that they have suddenly become part of a recorded moment, transferred like pinned butterflies from life to the display-case, transmuted from the commonplace into the legendary. What Broodthaers harps on about, Leonard paints. The effect is Ingres-like, smooth, controlled, a bit cold-blooded; Broodthaers admired Ingres and I suspect he would have considered it the final triumph of museum insincerity that the Tate should mount a full-scale retrospective of his own work while possessing not a single work by Michael Leonard.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Death-Rattle

The Hothouse by HAROLD PINTER *Hampstead*
The Dresser by RONALD HARWOOD *Queens*
Toward a Nuclear Future *ICA*
Hamlet by SHAKESPEARE *Round House*

Harold Pinter was absolutely right to suppress *The Hothouse* back in 1958. After the critical reception of *The Birthday Party* in the same year — an injustice as scandalous as that perpetrated upon Whiting's *Saint's Day* and, later, Bond's *Saved* — it could have expected little more than demoralising dismissal, combined (no doubt) with covert accusations of plagiarism. But what should have been evident then, and seems glaringly so 22 years later, is how much less indebted the play is to Ionesco, Kafka et al than to the haunted grange that Pinter carries on his own shoulders and uses for mental habitation when he is writing well.

Even today a respected colleague can complain that it says nothing more 'interesting' than that there is 'state-subsidised terror'. That pronouncement expects us to agree that it's uninteresting that an anonymous ministry should be packing off selected patients to a 'rest home' where they swap names for numbers, are kept permanently locked up, and can, so it seems, be casually murdered without anyone outside being the wiser. It also misses the main emphases of *The Hothouse*. Pinter's plays have always been either apolitical or political by inference only; and the function of the patients, festering neglected offstage, is less to provoke post-hoc parliamentary questions about the clandestine activities of Whitehall, than to bring out the degree to which the principal characters — the staff immediately in charge of them — are self-absorbed and self-seeking. That, and to add timbre to an increasingly sinister atmosphere.

On first thoughts, I regretted that director Pinter had ignored playwright Pinter's most striking stage-direction, which (according to the text published by Eyre Methuen at £3.95) asks gowned patients briefly to 'weave, dip, gather, disperse, whisper, giggle, weave, slither, whisper' in a low blue light. On second, I thought the omission wise: how much more suggestive simply to hear, as we intermittently do, what sounds like a long death-rattle, followed by a wail, followed by a dry cackle, echoing down the corridors.

The corridors of Pinter's mind, too. Perhaps also the corridors of our own subconsciousnesses. Even more than *The Birthday Party*, *The Hothouse* progresses with the eccentric logic of a nightmare, and one concocted by a decidedly original dreamer. In the earlier play the menacing Goldberg loses his temper just once, when he's called 'Simey', the pet-name his mother gave him: on at least two occasions the boss of the rest-home as inexplicably and aggressively insists that his mother breast-fed him. Goldberg and his sidekick McCann reduce the harmless Stanley to a mental vegetable by browbeating him with bizarre and seemingly irrelevant questions: the most innocent and altruistic character in *The Hothouse*, one Lamb, is shut up in something very like Orwell's Room 101, tormented with sound and light, and subjected to a not-dissimilar inquisition through a hidden speaker. Is he 'virgo intacta'? Has he always been 'virgo intacta'? Do women frighten him? Their clothes, their shoes, their voices, their laughter? The play actually ends with Lamb, electrodes still attached, sitting and 'staring, as if in a catatonic trance'. Walk warily through the play's chambers, peeping into its corners as you go, and you'll find infantile longings, sadistic urges, lust, misogyny, sudden and unpredictable violence, suspicion, paranoia, dread and more dread. Anything may happen, from any angle and for no apparent reason. Something *will* happen. Something does happen.

Perhaps this makes *The Hothouse* sound disconcertingly grotesque and random. Certainly, the situation is much quirkier than that of the play which followed it, *The Caretaker*; but the characters are recognisably real and their confrontations have purpose and shape, in essence Pinter's familiar tussle for power and territory. Roote, the boss, blusters and threatens in what's clearly a desperate and losing attempt to maintain some semblance of authority and even of identity. He has only the vaguest idea of what's happening around him. Indeed, he doesn't even know it's Christmas Day in the hothouse. He is especially nervous of his deputy, Gibbs, Pinterishly barking 'don't stand so close to me' and 'you were looking at me' at moments of maximum insecurity; and he's right to be so, since Gibbs is cold, devious, unscrupulous, capable of sacrificing Lamb to gain his ends and, it may even be, of murdering everyone else as well. This unorthodox social-work team is completed by Lush, all smiling insolence and needling brinkmanship in his dealings with his superiors, and Miss Cutts, the first of several Pinter women to use their somewhat serpen-

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tine sexuality to bait, trap, control and manipulate.

Pinter was to write more sparely, better, much better. But if *The Hothouse* seems rather heavy-handed and long-winded beside his finest work, we're almost always aware that both hand and wind are pretty special. The later Pinter would not launch into a corrective explanation about adders after Roote snaps, 'You think I'm a bit slow? I'm as quick as a python'; but then few but Pinter would have thought of the line in the first place. And this Pinter is already impressively in command of his distinctive talent: the question asked, repeated, left ominously unanswered; the edgy, loaded argument about, of all things, whether the Christmas turkey was bone-dry or thoroughly swimming in gravy; the lies, the emotional camouflage, the obliquity, the uncertainty, the silence; and all adding up to something that, if it hit you or me in the small hours, would have us awake, downstairs and shakily brewing a cup of Typhoo in no time. *The Hothouse*, like *The Birthday Party*, successfully reifies the amorphous anxieties and fears most of us prefer to repress: it was well worth digging out of the Pinter archives.

Paul Allen, reviewing *The Dresser* for us in Manchester, argued that it was hard to care very much for the megalomaniac old ham who spends the evening precariously becoming King Lear, and therefore, when he eventually expires, hard to care about the ambivalent anguish of his omnipresent dogsbody. I see what he means, and must agree that I, too, left the theatre not exactly feeling that their deepest selves and mine had been scrutinised and seared; but I enjoyed it all more than he did, partly because Ronald Harwood's funny, good-natured writing consistently held my attention, and partly because of the delight of seeing two favourite actors in top form. Freddie Jones is our leading specialist in frazzled decay, but rarely can he have sunk gravewards with such seedy panache as he does, glassy-eyed and arms emptily akimbo, as this toppling monarch of the out-of-London stage; and Tom Courtenay not only succeeds in suggesting the sense and canny sensitivity, the possessiveness, the resentment and maybe the love of the dresser doomed to depend upon him, but would probably still do so if everything except his fingers were amputated. These flutter, skim, brush, dart, quiver, tense, clench, eloquent throughout in their own right.

Those who expect the Pip Simmons Theatre Group to take a plonkingly neo-Luddite attitude towards nuclear power won't be pleased by its concoction at the ICA. The conclusion would appear to be that it's not worth the risk, since terrorists might grab some of that plutonium; but this comes only after what is, on the whole, a refreshingly independent and sceptical debate, with as much knocking of environmental demagogy as of establishment smugness. The problem is that, good though it is to find the theatre tackling a subject it has ignored, the intricacies of the argument seem too many and daunting even for as enterprising a group as this; and the result is scientifically, if not aesthetically, a bit amateurish.

Nor, alas, does *Hamlet* yield its complex magic up to Steven Berkoff's ensemble. The spareness of his production — a conclave of head waiters milling across a caballistic floor — is fine. But the mime seems more decorative than essential; and Berkoff himself hasn't the range and reach to delve far into anyone.

Television

Julian Barnes

Nose-Job

The sound we didn't need to hear this week was that of an electric saw being used to break a woman's nose on *Whicker's World* (Yorkshire). From my funk-hole deep beneath the sofa it still sounded . . . aaaargh: it's not very easy getting your hands over your ears when you've already got a sofa on your shoulders. Some American plastic surgeons, we discovered, remain hung up on the old-fashioned operating technique, consisting of one jolly good hammer-blow straight on the conk; but the retread merchant whom Whicker turned up for us to analyse was all for the new technology. He even had a new-technology marriage, which meant that his wife kept having the displeasing bits of herself chopped off or pulled taut, and having other bits pumped up (the usual bits, yes). The husband also chivalrously explained to camera the non-physical failings of his wife, indicating where she'd have to be at before she could be said to have got it together. Despite being sporadically smart about the state of his marriage — fixed, it seemed, entirely for his own convenience — the surgeon still fell for the Sucker Punch of the Month from Whicker. 'What,' murmured the moustachioed mesmeriser with the million-dollar manner, 'would you tell your psychiatrist that you wouldn't tell me?' (and my ten million viewers). Tick, tock, tick, tock. 'I wouldn't tell you about my masturbation complexes — it's private.'

Ex-President Richard Nixon's complexes are about being liked. On *The Book Programme* (BBC-2) he was accorded the sort of respect which Southern Region commuters reserve for ticket collectors on a foggy, point-clogged morning; but from the Vera Lynn-like way he smiled through the heavy dose of flak put up by A.J.P. Taylor and Philip Windsor you began to realise the depth of the man's need for rehabilitation. He'd have gone on *Swap Shop* and allowed himself to be pelted with sponges if he thought that would help.

Nixon's main plus in the discussion was that he had at least had dealings with the Soviet leaders whose expansionist ambitions he was analysing in his book; his main minus was that he sometimes seemed vague about what was actually in the text, as if maybe, perhaps, he hadn't done all the research himself. The argument didn't get very far, but at least had its comical moments of public unease. Nixon wanted to be nice, but didn't want to go beyond flabby generalities; Taylor wanted to be nasty, and glared viciously at the floor for most of the programme in grouchy silence; Windsor wanted to attack, but the cushion he kept pounding smiled back and unctuously declared its respect for history and historians; while Sir John Hackett (played by Ronald Fraser) wanted to be hospitable but clearly suspected parts of the book to be balls. It had all the swirling atmosphere of a bad wedding.

Altogether more glutinously nuptial was Hayley Mills interviewing Mary Crosby on *Saturday Night at the Mill* (BBC-1). She did it, we can record, in a definitely non-Greek accent, though her English is certainly idiosyncratic, characterised by constant italicisation and use of inverted commas; while all Ms Crosby's answers were punctuated by a stream of breathy off-camera Yesses. Hayley, daughter of John, grilled Mary, daughter of Bing, with all the rigour of a lapdog; Mary would blurt, of working on *Dallas* for instance, that 'In terms of a growing experience I've really grown on this show', and Hayley would know just what she meant. Towards the end of this penitential session there were many noises off, as of chairs being scraped back by men desperate to reach the bar. *T'Mill*, a bizarre show at the best of times, had also managed to secure this week the visiting sacred dancers of Bhutan, who looked like rejects from the Chinese New Year; in the freezing midnight they danced barefoot on the Pebble Mill greensward to the accompaniment of a Bhutanese wearing an *It's a Knockout* judge's blazer and playing two saucepan lids. The glum and single line of spectators out there had a discouraging thinness which I haven't seen since my days of under-12 school rugby.

It was good to see that a Jewish goal settled the First Division Championship *(Match of the Day,* BBC-1); and the Kopite chant of 'There's only one Avi Cohen', after a driven cross-shot had put Liverpool 2-1 up, made an ironic change from the normal terrace attitude to the occasional footballer who is, or is even suspected of being, Jewish. For once MOTD landed the two top games of the day; and it was glumly confirming to note, in the Leeds Man Utd game, that the season couldn't end without a characteristic piece of 'enthusiasm' on a goalkeeper by Joe Jordan (is Aleksic going to sue, we're still asking around Great Turnstile). By the way, lads, the plan for winning MOD's Goal of the Season competition is as follows. We're all entering the same to three: Goal D (Eric Gates); Goal J (Terry McDermott); Goal H (Justin 'the Head' Fashanu). The winners are picked by popular vote, not expert decision; so if we all (*and mean all*) send in the same three, one of us must win. QED. And then you split the dough with me. OK?

Weekend Competition

No 2616 **Set by E. O. Parrot**

BBC cuts etc suggest that it is time for another helpful encapsulating comp. Famous plays reduced to 150 words of dialogue sought for use in these straitened times. By 22 May.

No 2613 **Set by Catherine Rushton**

Intriguing and entertaining eavesdroppings.

Report **By Toby Jug**

Jolly good show. Take a pound a time a half holidays all round.

(In the pub)

"'Norman St John Stevas!" I said. "Norman John Bloody Stevas with a naked woman tattooed on his chest. You must be barmy.'"

'Well he might have.'

'He might have or he might not have but even if he has I'm bloody sure he wouldn't take his shirt off in the four ale bar of the Feathers and flex his muscles to make her wriggle.'

BOB SCOTT

(Woman to companion in Hampstead pub)

'Oh I do think Clive's sweet. And quite w

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preserved, too — for a structuralist, I mean.'

(Man and woman on train)
'I said to her, you done something 'Itler wouldn't have done. You're no mother, I said. Poor little bleeders.'
''Itler done worse than that.'
'Oh yes, but not in Banbury.'

(Man emerging from cinema)
'Westerns are never convincing, are they? You never see any horse shit around.'

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

'So I said to him — "You can keep your balalaika — and your petit point for that matter."'

'*Never* on a Tuesday. Don't ask me why — it's too arcane.'

'"Don't tell me your religion allows *that*" I said. "I wasn't born tomorrow."'

'You'd never believe such carryings on with a nice cosy name like Myrtlebank, now would you?'

COLIN KIMBERLEY

'Of course that was back in the days when she was known as "Mad-For-It Maggie, the easiest lay in Grantham".'

'And we shall never know *exactly* where Andre stuffed the piccolo.'

'Until one's been *married* to a Montenegrin, my dear, one just does not *know!*'

MOLLY FITTON

(Overheard in Turkish bath)
'I couldn't go backwards or forwards. I tried to change gear to speed it up, but every time I said something, it backfired. Well I hadn't had a service done there for years. I couldn't remember whether it was N or M or what. So eventually I said, why don't you shift into the vestry, and we'll sort it out there.'

BILL GREENWELL

(Clergyman to another)
'Sentimental old fool! He'll have to be dug up.'

(Little boy to another)
'It's easy to win people. I won the tax inspector by talking cricket. I can do anything I like with the headmaster.'

T. GRIFFITHS

'We had her cremated on Tuesday. It was always her favourite day.'

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

(On a bus)
'And he committed suicide on his birthday.'
'How awful. And it's your birthday today, isn't it?
'Yes.'

(In a high street)
'And I said to Bill we shouldn't have done it then and, well, afterwards the room was in a terrible mess, but I was so thankful I had my hat on.'

HARRISON EVERARD

Tony Miles

Chess

No 179 Phillips and Drew King's Tournament

The Phillips and Drew King's tournament held in London last month was the strongest event to be staged in England for half a century. It was also the scene of an astonishing (for this calibre of event) amount of fighting chess. The lead changed hands more times than I can remember.

With two rounds to play the contenders had been reduced to four. Korchnoy and Sosonko had 7½/11, I had 7 and Andersson had 7 plus an adjournment against Larsen which was thought to be drawish. At this point Sosonko seemed to have the tournament at his mercy, his remaining opponents being Speelman who, though having a fantastic tournament, seemed a chance for a point, and Stean who until then had not won a single game. In contrast Andersson had to play me and then Korchnoy, with Korchnoy's remaining game against Gheorghiu and mine against Ljubojevic.

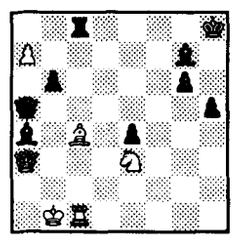
The next day there was hardly a predictable event. Speelman crushed Sosonko, I flattened Andersson and Korchnoy adjourned in an overwhelming position against Gheorghiu. (You may think the last predictable, but read on.) In the adjournment session Andersson won from Larsen, but Korchnoy missed a string of wins, one of which was studylike with the main variation a mate in two (!) and drew. So with one round to play Andersson, Korchnoy and I had 8 and Sosonko 7½. Andersson had White against Korchnoy, I Black against Ljubojevic and Sosonko White against Stean.

Ljubojevic played the opening like an idiot but, seeing my two co-leaders heading towards a draw and not having won a tournament for a long time (or one this strong ever), I offered a draw. The other two drew soon after and Stean did us all a favour by lurching into action and beating Sosonko.

White: A. J. Miles Black: B. Larsen
1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-Q3; 3.N-QB3, P-K4; 4.N-B3, QN-Q2; 5.P-K4, B-K2; 6.B-K2, P-QB3; 7.O-O, P-QR3!? 8.N-KR4! The threat of N-B5 is a real headache. **8. . . P-KN3; 9.B-R6, Q-N3; 10.N-B3?!!** ? objectively, !! psychologically. Correct is 10.PxP, PxP; 11.R-N1! (intending P-QN4) with advantage, and I knew it. But the fighting Larsen always plays to win and therefore is guaranteed to reject 10. . . QxNP! because of 11.N-QR4, Q-R6; 12. B-B1, Q-N5; 13.B-Q2 with a forced draw! So this way I maintain the tension and get an even bigger advantage! **10. . . N-N5? 11.B-B1, 0-0; 12.P-KR3, KN-B3; 13.P-B5! Q-B2; 14.PxP, QxP; 15.B-K3, R-K1; 16.Q-B2, PxP; 17.BxQP, P-B4; 18.B-K3** not 18.P-K5, Q-B2. **18. . . Q-B2; 19.QR-Q1, P-N3?** The crucial error. As will soon become apparent . . . P-QN4 was obligatory. From new on the Dane from Spain goes plainly down the drain (forgive me — put it down to silly elation). **20.Q-Q2! B-N2; 21.B-KB4, Q-B3; 22.P-K5, N-R4; 23.B-B4! N-Bl!** If . . . QR-Q1 24.B-Q5 and P-K6. **24.B-KN5!** A hard move to find. **24. . . QR-Q1; 25.N-Q5! BxB; 26.QxB, K-N2! 27.N-B4!** Not 27.P-KN4, P-R3 and P-QN4 and 27.N-R4, N-K3 is also not clear. **27. . . NxN; 28.QxN!** Not 28.RxR? NxPch! 29.PxN, RxR. Now White crashes through to KB7. (If 28. . . N-K3 29.Q-B6ch and BxN.) **28. . . R-Q2; 29. R-Q6! Q-B2; 30.Q-B6ch, K-N1; 31.N-N5, R(Q2)-K2; 32.P-K6! PxP; 33.NxKP,** resigns.

Problem 179

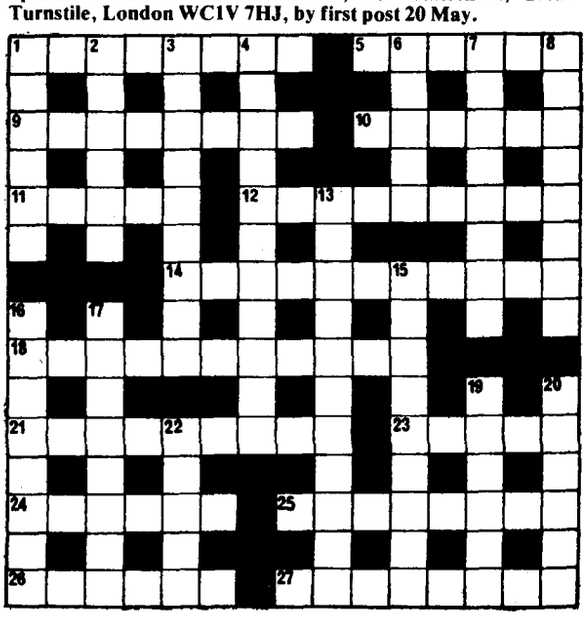
White to play. A test of your swindling skill. Three pawns down, should he resign or is there a chance (assume Black's first move is the obvious cooperative one!)? Ansers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 21 May.



Solution to problem 177
1.N-B6! wins immediately. If . . . QxN, 2.QxBch, K-N2; 3.R-K7ch.

Weekend Crossword 1342

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1342, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 20 May.



ACROSS

1 Without gun defender would break up a raid (8).
5 Cricketer for two in the morning (6).
9 The place to make meat turn bad (8).
10 Ape a historian (6).
11 Would be reduced if led round this city (5).
12 Flat figure, but a means of relaxation for bachelors (3,6).
14 Racers who make a disturbance during the applause (11).
18 Emphasising part which does not show (11).
21 Port or spirit (9).
23 The human body looks like nothing beside mountains (5).
24 Prove too clever for a fool from Oxford (6).
25 Taking average times (8).
26 If the county lost capital it would give us an occupation for two (6).
27 Cheers since parts of Scotland are about to count (8).

DOWN

1 Degradation for one who removes contents (6).
2 A sign of religion being on the other side (6).
3 Make a row with caring about where to eat (9).
4 A stupid sailor making a forecast (11).
6 Think of love and waste away (5).
7 Where the newly-wed are of the wrong sex? (8).
8 Clear as a statement of aims with nothing missing (8).
13 Means whereby alcohol might help the bricklayer (11).
15 A scratch eight tend to be tense (9).
16 Keepers who make their animals go round a mountain (8).
17 Trains to look up without money (8).
19 Mystical experience needs one to be unusually certain (6).
20 Knobs for those who are the tops (6).
22 Being nimble, the Frenchman is in time (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 29

P	A	P	A	S	P	E	C	K	L	E	D			
U	R	A	N	I	A	N	H	A	B	L	E			
R	I	N	G	E	L	M	A	N	N	E	R			
R	S	Z	E	N	A	W	R	E	T	C	H			
P	T	E	R	I	D	O	P	H	Y	T	A			
S	O	N	E	R	I	A	I	I	S	L	R	M		
E	L	A	B	E	N	S	E	R	O	O	N			
N	O	N	E	S	O	P	R	E	T	T	Y			
S	C	A	T	T	Y	I	P	S	E	O	O			
E	H	M	O	O	N	R	A	K	I	N	G			
A	I	M	S	R	R	E	N	E	G	U	E			
M	A	S	S	E	U	S	E	R	O	S	E			

Prizewinners to Salamanca 29
M. M. Bishop (Brussels)
Lorna Curtin (London NW6)
Brenda Widger (Bowdon)

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Appointments

Confederation of Health Service Employees

COHSE

Assistant Legal Officer
Salary: £6,490 – £7,198
plus London Weighting

COHSE is Britain's largest trade union for Health and Social Service staffs with 215,000 members.

We need an assistant legal officer to work in the union's small but expanding Legal Department at our Head Office in Banstead, Surrey (thirty minutes' journey from London's Victoria Station).

The Legal Department was established just two years ago to help full-time and lay union officers deal with the legal problems of members; to assist with the processing of applications for union legal aid; to liaise with the union's appointed firms of solicitors; to provide briefing material for the National Executive Committee and Officers, and to contribute to union education. The Department works closely with the union's other specialist departments – e.g. research, education, editorial.

The assistant legal officer position is a newly established post arising from a substantial growth in the Department's work, which to date has been carried out by the legal officer with administrative backup. We are looking for someone with qualifications in law (preferably a solicitor or barrister, but we would consider a legal executive or person with a suitable academic background in law) and work experience in at least one of the following areas:

general employment law (unfair dismissal, etc.)
social security law
personal injury work

Interest in and commitment to the trade union movement essential.

Applications in writing, including C.V., to the General Secretary, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey SM7 2LH by 19 May 1980.

Britain's Health Service Union

British Volunteer Programme
Executive Secretary

Administrator/researcher required to service the four volunteer sending societies within the BVP. Job includes facilitating cooperation on matters of common concern and debate within the BVP on development issues, through committees, seminars, and some research, as well as substantial general administration.

Preference will be given to candidates with overseas volunteer experience and knowledge of development issues. Previous administrative experience essential.

Salary around £5,500 p.a.

Job specification from and applications to:
David Collett, Chairman BVP Committee,
9 Belgrave Square, London SW1.

Closing date for applications **2 June 1980.**

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required

Experienced in weekly and monthly payrolls, input/output VAT, trial balances, stock control and the preparation of long- and short-term estimates, budgets and cost projections.

NJC scale 16 (£4,000 to £5,000 p.a.). 6 weeks annual holiday and statutory holidays, age 21-30.

Applications:
Permanent Secretary, Students' Union, The Polytechnic of Wolverhampton, Wulfruna Street, Wolverhampton WV1 1LY

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Project is Development Education Centre in university setting, and is supported by WAR ON WANT.

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Shanti Third World Centre, 178 Oxford Road, Manchester M13 9QQ
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Closing Date: 27 May.

OXFAM

Field Director — Zambia/ Malawi

This appointment, based in Lusaka, co-ordinates the development work we support in Zambia and Malawi. This challenging post calls for someone with relevant experience of the region, administrative ability and obviously with a sympathy and understanding of Oxfam's development work overseas.

For further details and application form please write to:
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Applicants should have a good honours degree, research experience in industrial relations and familiarity with social survey methods. The salary will be up to £8,000 (University scales) USS. pension.

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the post will give the successful applicant an opportunity to gain wide experience of the trade union movement at National level.
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Applications in writing to:
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THE LABOUR PARTY
require a

Research Assistant

Salary £5,335 rising to £6,520
(currently under review)

Applicants should have an interest in, and an understanding of, industrial and economic policy issues. An Honours Degree, though not essential, would be an advantage. Duties will include the preparation of papers on a wide range of employment issues such as training and manpower policies, industrial relations and industrial democracy. The successful candidate will also provide background information to all sections of the Party and help service the advisory committees of the National Executive Committee. Applicants must be members of the Labour Party, and a background of activity in the Party in the wider Labour movement would be of considerable advantage.

Application forms are obtainable from:
The Administrative and Personnel Officer,
The Labour Party,
150 Walworth Road,
London SE17 1JT.

and should be returned no later than,
FRIDAY, 23 MAY 1980

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

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for its

International Department

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Applicants should have an interest in and understanding of defence and disarmament policy issues. The successful candidate would be expected to prepare detailed information papers and to service a specialist Sub-Committee of the Party's National Executive Committee. An interest in International affairs and a commitment to the Labour Movement are desirable.

Application forms are obtainable from:

The Administrative and Personnel Officer, Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT.

and should be returned by no later than **FRIDAY, 23 MAY 1980**

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BOX 8390

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